

THE
SHOO-
MAKERS
HOLY-DAY.

OR
The Gentle Craft.

With the humorous life
of *Symon Eyre*, shoemaker,
and *Lord Mayor of*
London.

As it was acted before the *Queenes*
most excellent Maiesie on New yeares
day at night, by the right Honoura-
ble Earle of Nottingham, Lord
high Admirall of England,
his Seruants.

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To all good Fellowes, Professors of
the Gentle Craft : of what
degree soeuer.

Ind Gentlemen, and honest boone Companions, I present you here with a merry conceited Comedie, called, *The Shoemakers Holiday*, acted by my Lord Admirals Players at a Christmas time, before the Queenes most excellent Maiesty. For the mirth and pleasant matter, by her Highnesse graciously accepted, being indeed no way offensive. The Argument of the Play I will set down in this Epistle. Sir *Hugh Lacy* Earle of *Lincolne*, had a young Gentleman of his owne name his neere kinsman, that loued the Lord Mayors daughter of London; to preuent and crosse which loue, the Earle caused his kinsman to be sent Coronell of a company into France: who resigned his place to another Gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoemaker, to the house of *Simon Eyre* in Tower street who serued the Mayor and his Household with shoes. The merriments that passed in *Eyres* house, his coming to be Mayor of London, *Lacies* getting his loue, and other accidents; with two merry Threemaens songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengthneth long life, which, with all other blessings, I heartily wish you.

Farewell.



The first Three-mans

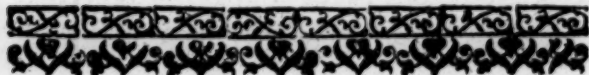
Song.

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolicke, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene :
O and then did I, vnto my true loue say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Sommers Queene.

Now the Nightingale, the pretty Nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the Forreste Water:
Intreats the sweet Peggy to heare thy true-loues tale,
Loe yonder she sitteth her best against a brier.

But O I spye the Cuckow, the Cuckow, the Cuckow,
She where she sitteth, come away my loy:
Come away I praythe, I doe not like the Cuckow
Should sing where my Peggy and I kisse and loy.

O the Month of May, the meerry month of May,
So frolicke, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene,
And then did I vnto my true-loue say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Sommers Queene.





The Second Three-mans Song.

This is to be sung at the latter end.

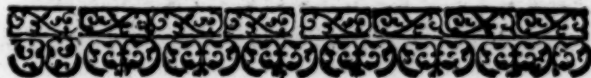
Cold's the winde, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
All is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
nor helpes good hearts in need,

Trowle the bowle the folly put-bowle,
and here kind mate to this:
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hughes soule,
and downe it merrily.

Downe a downe, hey downe a downe,
hey derp, derp, downe, a downe, Close with the tenor boy.
How well done, to me let come,
ring compasse gentle loy.

Trowle the bowle, the put-bowle,
and here kind, &c. as often as there be men to drinke.
At last when all haue drunke, this verse.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the raine
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
All is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
nor helpes good hearts in need.





The Prologue as it was pronounced
before the Queenes Maiesty.

AS wretches in a Storme (expecting day)
With trembling hands, and eyes cast vp to heauen,
Make prayers the Anchor of their conquered hopes,
So we (deare Goddesse, wonder of all eyes)
Your meanest vassals (through mistrust and feare,
To sinke into the bottome of disgrace
By our imperfect pastimes) prostrate thus
On bended knees, our sayles of hope doe strike,
Dreading the bitter stormes of your dislike.
Since then (vnhappy men) our hap is such,
That to our selues our selues no helpe can bring,
But needs must perish, if your Saint-like earea
(Locking the Temple where all mercy sits)
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues.
O grant (bright mirror of true Chastity)
From those life-breathing starres, your Sun-like eyes
One gracious smile : for your celestiall breath
Must send vs life, or sentence vs to deat h.





A pleasant Comedie.

of the Gentle Craft.

Enter Lord Maior, Lincolne.

Lincolne.

MY Lord Mayor, you haue sundry times,
Feasted my selfe, and many Courtiers moze,
Seldome oz neuer can we be so kinde,
To make requitall of your courtesie:

But leaving this I heare my Cousin Lacy,
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

L. Maior True my good Lord, and she loues him so well,
That I mislike her boldnesse in the chace.

Lin. Why my Lord Mayor, thinke you it then a shame,
To toyne a Lacy with an Orleyes name?

L. Maior. To meane is my poore girl for his high birth,
Poore Citizens must not with Courtiers lye,
Who will in silkes, and gay apparrell spend
More in one yeare, then I am worth by farre,
Therefore your honour need not doubt my girl,

Lincolne. Take heed my Lord, aduise you what you doe,
A drier birth; ist liues not in the world,
Then is my Cosen, for He tell you what,
Tis now almost a yeare since he requested,
To trauell Countreies for experience,
I furnisht him with copie, billes of exchange,
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
Solicited my friends in Italy
Well to respect him: but to see the end:
Scant had he iournayed through halfe Germany,

But

A pleasant Comedie of

But all his corne was spent, his men cast off,
His billes imbezeld, and my lolly Cuze
Asham'd to shew his bankrupt presence here,
Became a Shoemaker in Wittemberge,
A godly Science for a Gentleman
Of such descent: now iudge the rest by this.
Suppose your Daughter haue a thousand pound,
He did consume more in one halfe yeare,
And make him hope to all the wealth you haue,
One twelue months rpyting will waite it all,
Then seeke my Lord some honest Citizen
To wed your daughter to.

Lord Maior. I thanke your Lordship,
Well fore, I vnderstand your subtilty,
As for your Nephew, let your Lordships eye
But watch his actions, and you need not feare,
For I haue sent my Daughter farre enough,
And yet your Cousen Rowland might doe well,
Now he hath learn'd an Occupation,
And yet I (coyne to call him son in Law.

Lincolne. I but I haue a better trade for him,
I thanke his Grace he hath appointed him,
Chiefe Colonell of all those Companies
Mustred in London, and the shires about,
To serue his Highnesse in those warres of France:
So where he comes: Louell what newes with you?

Enter Louell, Lacy, and Askew.

Louell. My Lord of Lincolne, tis his Highnesse will,
That presently your Cousen ship for France
With all his powers, he would not for a million,
But they should land at Deepe within foure daies.

Linc. Goe certifie his Grace it shall be done,
Now Cousen Lacy in what forwaronesse
Are all your Companies?

Lacy. All well prepar'd,
The men of Hartford-shire are at Wile-end,
Suffolke and Essex traime in Tuttle-fields.
The Londoners, and those of Middlesex,

the Gentle Craft.

All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,
With scollike spirits long for their parting hours.

L. Ma. They haue their impress, coats and furniture,
And if it please your cozen Lacy come
To the Guild-hall, he shall receiue his pay,
And twenty pounds besides, my Brethren
Will freely giue him, to approue our loues
We beare vnto my Lord your vncle here.

Lacy. I thanke your Honour.

Lincolne. Thankes my good Lord Mayor,

L. Ma. At the Guild-hall we will expect your coming. Exit.

Lin. To approue your loues to me: no subtilty

Nephew: that twenty pound he doth bestow
For toy to rid you from his daughter Rose:
But Tofens both, now here are none but friends,
I would not haue you call an amorous eye
Vpon so meane a proiect as the loue
Of a gay wanton painted Citizen,
I know this Churle euen in the height of scorne,
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine:
I pray thee doe thou so remember Coze
What honorable fortunes wait on thee,
Increase the Kings loue which so brightly shines,
And gilds thy hopes: I haue no heyre but thee,
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit
Thou start from the true bias of my loue.

Lacy. My Lord I will, for honour, not desire
Of lands or linings, (or to be your heyre)
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall adde glory to the Lacies name.

Lin. Coze, For those words here's thirty Portugues,
And Nephew Askew there's a few for you,
Faire honour in her loftiest eminence,
Stayes in France for you till you fetch her thence,
Then Nephew clap swift wings on your designs,
Be gone, be gone, make haste to the Guild-hall,
Where presently Ile meet you doe not stay,
Where honour becomes, shame attends delay.

Exit.

Ask.

A pleasant Comedy of

Ask. How gladly would your Uncle haue you gone:
 Lacy. True, Coze, but He oze-reach his policies,
 I haue some serious businesse for thre dayes,
 Which nothing but my presence can dispatch,
 You therefore Cosen with the Companies
 Shall haste to Douer, there He meet with you:
 O; if I stay past my prescribed time,
 Away for France, wee'll meet in Poymandle:
 The twentie pounds my Lord Maior giues to me,
 You shall receive, and these ten Portogues,
 Part of mine Uncles thirtie, gentle Coze,
 Haue care to our great charge, I know your wisdom
 Hath tribe it selfe in higher consequence.

Ask. Coze, all my selfe am yours, yet haue this care,
 To lodge in London with all secrecie,
 Our Uncle Lincolne hath (besides his owne)
 Spanie a iealous eye, that in your face
 Stares onely to watch meanes for your disgrace.

Enter Sy. Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firke, Iane and Rafe, with a peece:

Eyre. Leane whining, leane whining; away with this
 whimpering, this pining, these blubbering teares, and these
 weteyes, He get thy husband discharged, I warrant thee,
 sweet Iane: go to.

Hodge. Passer, here be the Captaines.

Eyre. Peace Hodge, hush! you knaue, hush!

Firke. Here be the Caualliers and the Cozonels, master.

Eyre. Peace Firke, peace my fine Firke, stand by with your
 pisherie pashery, away, I am a man of the best presence, He
 speake to them as they were Popes. Gentleman, Captaines,
 Colonels, Commanders, beane men, beane leaders, may it
 please you to giue me audience; I am Simon Eyre the mad
 Shomaker of Tower-Strat, this wench with the mealy
 mouth is my wife, I can tell you: Here's Hodge my man, and
 my foze-man; Here's Firke my fine sirling Journey-man, &
 this his blubbered Iane, all we come to be Inters for this ho-
 nest Rafe, keeps him at home, and as I am a true Shomaker,
 and a gentleman of the gentle Craft, buy spurs your selfe,
 and He find you boots these seuen peares.

Wife.

the Gentle Craft.

Wife. ~~Seven~~ yeares husband :

Eyre. Peace Spidiffe, peace, I know what I doe, peace;

Firke. Truly master Cozmozant, you shall see God good service to let Raph and his wife stay together, she's a young new married woman, if you take her husband away from her a night you bndoe her, she may begge in the day time, for she's as good a workman at a picke and a tole, as any is in our Trade.

Iane. O let him stay, else I shall be bndone.

Firke. I truite, she shall be laid a one shoe like a paire of old shoes else and be occupied for no use.

Lacy. Truite my friends it lies not in my power, The Londoners are prest, paid, and set forth By the Lord Mayor, I cannot change a man.

Hodge. This then you were as good bee a cozpozall as a Coloneil, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell you true I thinke you doe more then you can answer, to presse a man within a yeare and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Well said melanchollie Hodge, grammarie my fine foreman.

Wife. Truite Gentlemen it were ill done for such as you to stand so stiff like against a poore young wife, considering her case, she is newly married; but let that passe: I pray deale not roughlie with her, her husband is a young man, and but newly entred, but let that passe.

Eyre. Away with your pithery pashery, your pels and your edipols, peace Spidasse, hence Cissy Bumtrinket, let your head speake.

Firke. Hea and the hoines too, master.

Eyre. Too soone my fine Firke, too soone: peace scoundzels, se you this man: Captaines, you will not release him, well, let him goe, he is a proper shot, let him banish: peace Iane, dry up thy tears, they'll make his powder dankish; take him byane men, Hector of Troy was an Hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant scoundzels, Prince Archurs round Table, by the Lord of Andgate, were sed such a tall, such a dapper swoydzman by the life of Pharaoh, a byane resolute swoydzman: peace Iane, I say no more, mad knaves.

A pleasant Comedy of

Firke. See see Hodge, how my master raues in commendation of Rafe.

Hodge. Rafe thou'rt a gull by this hand an thou goest not.

Ask. I am glad (good master Eyre) it is my hap

To meet so resolute a souldier :

Trust me, for your report and loue to him,
A common sleight regard shall not respect him.

Lacy. Is thy name Rafe ?

Rafe. Yes sir.

Lacy. Giue me thy hand,

Thou shalt not want as I am a Gentleman.

Woman be patient, God (no doubt) will send

Thy husband safe againe, but he must goe,

His Countreys quarrell sayes it must be so.

Hodge. Thou'rt a gull by my stirrop, if thou dost not goe,
I will not haue thee strike thy gimlet into these weak vessels,
pycke thine enemies Raph. Enter Dodger.

Dodger. My Lord your vncle on the Tower-hill
States with the Lord Payor and the Aldermen,
And doth request you with all speed you may
To hasten thither. Exit Dodger.

Askew. Cosen, come let vs goe.

Lacy. Dodger, run you befoze, tell them we come :
This Dodger is mine vncles parasite,
The arrantst barlet that ere breath'd on earth,
He sets more discorde in a noble house
By one dayes bwoaching in his pick-thanke tales,
Then can be salu'd againe in twentie yeares,
And he I feare shall goe with vs to France,
To pzie into our actions.

Askew. Therefore Coze,
It shall behoue you to be circumspect.

Lacy. Feare not good Cozen. Raph, hie to your Colours.

Raph. I must because there is no remedie,
But gentle master and my louing dame,
As you haue alwayes beene a friend to me,
So in my absence thinke vpon my wife.

Iane. Alas my Raph.

Wife.

the Gentle Craft.

Wife. She cannot speake for weeping.

Eyre. Peace you crackt groats, you mustard tokens dis-
quiet not the braue souldier. goe thy wayes Raphe

Iane I, I, you bid him go, what shall I doe when he is gone?

Fir. Why be doing with me o: my fellow Hodge, be not idle.

Eyre. Let me see thy hand Iane, this fine hand, this white
hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must worke,
worke you bumbast cotten candle Queane, worke for your li-
ning with a pore to you. Hold the Raph, here's five pences
for the; fight for the honour of the Gentle Craft, for the Gen-
tlemen Shomakers, the contragions Cordwainers, the sho-
wer of S. Martins, the mad knaues of Bedlem, Fleetstreet,
Tolwer-street and White Chappell, crack me the crownes of
the French knaues, a pore on them, crake them, fight by the
Lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

Firke. Here Raph, here's two twopences, to carpe into
France, the third shall wash our soules at parting, (for sorrow
is dyp) for my sake firke the Basa mon cues.

Hodge. Raph, I am heauy at parting, but here's a shilling
for the. God send the so cram thy shops with French crowns,
and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Raph. I thanke ye master, and I thanke you all:
How gentle wife, my louing lonely Iane,
Rich men at parting gine their wines rich gifts,
Zetwells and rings to grace their lilly hands,
Thou know'st our trade makes rings for womens hailes:
Here take these paire of shoes cut out by Hodge,
Sticht by my fellow Firke, seam'd by my selfe,
Made up and pincht with letters for thy name,
Weare them my deare Iane, for thy husbands sake,
And every moorning when thou pul'st them on,
Remember me, and pray for my returne,
Take much of them for I haue made them so,
That I can know them from a thousand mo.

Sound Drum. Enter L. Maior, Lincolne, Lacy, Askew, Dodges,
and Soldiers: they passe ouer the Stage, Raph falls in amongst
them, Firke and the rest cry farewell &c. and so exeunt.

Apleasant Comedie of

Enter Rose alone making a garland.

Here sit thou downe vpon this flowrie bankes,
And make a Garland for thy Lacies head,
These Pinks, these Roses, and these Violets,
These blushing Gilliflowers, these Parigolds,
The faire embroyderie of his Coronet,
Carrie not halfe such beautes in their cheekes,
As the sweet countenance of my Lacy doth.
O my most unkind father! O my starres!
Why lou'd you so at my Pattinie.
To make me lone, yet tise rob'd of my lone:
Here as a thiefe am I imprisoned
(For my deere Lacie's sake) within those walles,
Which by my fathers cost were builded by
For better purposes: here must I languish
For him that doth as much lament (I know) *Enter Sibill.*
Pine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Sib. Good morrow young Mistris, I am sure you make
that Garland for mee, against I shall bee Lady of the
harnest.

Rose. Sibill, what newes at London?

Sib. None but good: my Lord Paio your father, and mai-
ster Philpot your uncle, and maister Scor your Cousin, and
Mistris Frigbottome by Docto: Commons, do all by my troth
send you most heartie commendations.

Rose. Did Lacy send kind grætings to his lone?

Sib. O yes, out of crie by my troth, I scant know him, here
a woze a scarfe, and heere a scarfe, heere a bunch of feathers,
and heere pretious stones and tewels, and a paire of garters:
O monstrous like one of our yellow like Curtaines, at home
here in Old:soyd house, here in maister Bellymounts cham-
ber, I stood at our doze in Cozne hill, lookt at him, he at me
indeede, spake to him, but hee to mee not a word, marry gip
thought I with a wanion, he past by me as proud, marry soh,
are you growne humozous thought I: and so shut the dooze
and in I came.

Rose. O Sibill, how dost thou my Lacy wzang?
O Rowland is as gentle as a lambe,

the Gentle Craft.

No Doue was euer halfe so mild as he.

Sibill. **W**ild? yea as a bushell of stampt crabs, he loekt by
on me as lowe as veruice: go thy wates thought I, thou
maist bee much in my gaskins, but nothing in my neather:
flocks: this is your fault mistress, to lone him that lones not
you, he thinks scoone to do as he's done to, but if I were as
you, I decry. go by Ieronimo, go by, Ioe set my old debts a-
gainst my new dyblets, & the hares foot against the gosse-gib-
lets, for if euer I sigh when slepe I should take, pray God I
may loose my mayden head when I wake.

Rose. Will my loue leane me then and go to France?

Sibill. I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalks be-
foze the souldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but hee is
proper that proper doth, let him go snick by yonng Pistris.

Rose. Get thee to London, and learne perfectly,

Whether my Lacy go to France or no:

Doe this, and I will giue thee for the paines,

My Cambricke apzon, and my Romish Gloues,

My Purple Stockins, and a stomacher,

Say, wilt thou do this Sibill for my sake?

Sib. Will I quoth a: at whose suit: by my troth yea, Ile
go, a cambricke apzon, gloues, and a paire of purple stockins,
and a stomacher, Ile sweate in purple mistress for you, Ile take
any thing that comes in Gods name, **W**rich, a Cambricke a-
pzon; faith then haue at by tailles all, Ile goe **I**ggy **I**oggy to
London, and be here in a trice yonng mistress.

Rose. Do so good Sibill, meane time wretched I,
will sit and sigh for his lost company.

Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shooe-maker.

Lacy. How many shapcs haue gods and kings deuilde,
Thereby to compasse their desired lones?

It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,

To cloth his cunning with the Gentle Craft,

That thus disguised, I may vnknowne possesse

The onely happy presence of my Rose:

For her haue I forsooke my charge in France,

Incurd the Kings displeasure, and stir'd by

Rough hatred in mine vncle Lincolnes brest:

A pleasant Comedie of

O lons how powerfull art thou, that canst change
 High birth to basenesse, and a noble mind,
 To the meane semblance of a Shoemaker?
 But thus it must be; for her cruell father,
 Hating the single vniion of our soules,
 Hath secretly connep'd my Rose from London,
 To barre me of her ptesence, but I trust
 Fortune and this disguise will further me
 Once more to view her beauty, gaine her sight:
 Here in Tower-Strat with Eyre the Shoemaker,
 Speake I a while to worke, I know the trade,
 I learnt it when I was at in Wittemberge,
 When chere thy hoping spirits, be not dismaid,
 Ebon canst not want doe Fortune what she can,
 The Gentle Craft is liuing for a man. Exit.

Enter Eyre making himselfe ready.

Eyre. Where be these boyes, these girls, these drabbes,
 these scoundzels, they wallow in the saibzews of my bonnty,
 and lick up the crums of my table, yet will not rise to see my
 walkes clenfed: come out you ponder-baese-queanes, what
 Nan, what Madge Mumble-crust, come out you fat Mioriffe,
 swag-belly inhozes, and swape me these kennels, that the noy,
 some filth offend not the noses of neigbboys: what Firke I say,
 what Hodge, open my Shop windowes, what Firke I say.

Enter Firke.

Firke. O Passer, ist you that speake bandog and Bedlam
 this morning, I was in a dreame, and mused what mad-man
 was got into the stræt so earely, haue you drunk this morning
 that your throat is so cleere?

Eyre. Ah well said Firke, well said Firke, to worke my fine
 knaue, to worke, wash thy face, and thou'lt be moze blest.

Firke. Let them wash my face that will eate it, god Passer
 send for a soule-wife, if you will haue my face cleaner.

Enter Hodge.

Eyre. Away flouen, anant scoundzell, god moztow Hodge,
 god moztow my fine foye-man.

Hodge. O Passer, god moztow, p'are an earely firrer,
heere's

the Gentle Craft.

here's a faire morning, good morning Firke, I could haue slept this houre, here's a brane day towards.

Eyre. I haue to worke my fine Foze-man, haue to worke.

Firke. Passer, I am dyle as dust to heare my fellow Roger talke of faire weather, let vs pray for good leather, and let Clothes and Blow-boyes, and those that worke in the fields pray for brane dakes, we worke in a dyle Shoppe, what care I if it raine?

Enter Eyres wife.

Eyre. How now dame Margerie, can you see to rise? trip and go, call by the drabs your maters.

Wife. See to rise? I hope tis time enough, tis early enough for any Woman to bee seene abroad, I maruell how many twines in Towerstreet are by so soone: Gods me tis not none, heeres a pawling.

Eyre. Peace Margerie, peace, wher's Cissy Bumtrinket your maid? shee hath a priuile fault, shee farts in her sleepe, call the queane by, if my men want those thyreed, she swinge her in a stirrop.

Firke. Yet that's but a dyle beating, here's Will a signe of drought.

Enter Lacy singing.

Lacy. Der was een boze van gelderland, Frolick si byen
He was also donke he cold nyet stand, by solce se byen,
Tup cens de canneken dvinck schene mannekin.

Firke. Passer, for my life ponders a brother of the Gentle Craft, if hee beare not Saint Hughe's bones shee so:seit my bones, hee's some inlandish workman, hire him good master, that I may learne some gibble gabble, 'twill make vs worke the faster.

Eyre. Peace Firke, a hard worke, let him passe, let him danish we haue iournymen enow, peace my fine Firke.

Wife. Nay nay y'are best follow you mans counsell, you shall see what will come on't, we haue not men enow, but we must entertaine every butterbore; but let that passe.

Hodge. Dame, soze God if my master follow your counsell he'll consume little base, he shall be glad of men, and he can catch them.

Firke. I that he shall.

Hodge. Asoze God a proper man, and I warrant a fine worke.

A pleasant Comedie of

wozkeman : After farewell, dame adue, if such a man as he
cannot find wozke, Hodge is not for you. *Offer to goe.*

Eyre. Stay my fine Hodge.

Firke. I say and your sozeman goe dame you must take a
tourney to seeke a new tourneyman, if Roger remove. Firke
fellowes, if Saint Hughes bones shall not be set a wozke, I
may prycke mine able in the wals, and goe play : fare ye wel
master, God buy dame.

Eyre. Carrie my fine Hodge, my bziske sozeman, stay Firke
peace pudding broth, by the Lord of Ludgate I loue my men
as my life, peace you gallimaufrey, Hodge if hee want
wozke I hire him, one of you to him, stay he comes to vs.

Lacy. Godeen dach meesser, end b bzo oak.

Firke. Hailes if I should speak after him without dzinking,
I should choak, & you friend Dake, are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. Patw, patw, ich beene den skomaker.

Firke. Den skomaker quoth a, and hearke you skomaker,
haue you all your tooles, a good rubbing pin, a good stopper,
a good dzesser, your sours sort of Rules, and your two balles
of ware, your parting knife, your hand and thumb-leathers,
and good Saint Hughes bones to smoth by your wozke.

Lacy. Patw, patw, bee niet boz beard, ik hab all de dingen,
vour mach skoes groet and cleane.

Firke. Ha, ha, good master hire him, heele make mee laugh
so that I shall wozke more in mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyre. Where you friend, haue you any skill in the mystery of
Cordwainers?

Lacy. Ica wot niet wat you seg ich verstaen you niet.

Firke. Why thus man, Ich verste b niet, quoth a.

Patw, patw, patw, ich can dat well doen.

Firke. Patw, patw, he speakes patwning like a Jack daw, that
gapes to be fed with chafe cardes, Heele giue a bill-mons
pull at a can of double beere, but Hodge, and I haue the ban-
tage, wee must dzinke first, because wee are the eldest Jour-
ney-men.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. Hans, Hans Meulier.

Eyre. Giue me thy hand, thou art welcome, Hodge, enter,
saine

the Gentle Craft.

take him, Firke bid him welcome, come Hans, run wise, bid your maids, your trullwabs, make ready my fine mens bzeakfasts: to him Hodge.

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome, vse thy selfe friendly, for we are good fellows, if not, thou shalt be sought with, wert thou bigger than a Giant.

Firke. Pea, and drunk with wert thou Gargantua, my master keeps no Cowards, I tell thee: hee, boy, bying him an heele blocke, heers a new iourneyman.

Enter Boy.

Lacy. Ich werste, you ich most een halve doffen Cans betalen: nere boy nempt his skilling, tap sons freetie.

Exit Boy.

Eyre Quicke snipper snapper, away Firke, scowze thy throat thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquor. *Enter Boy.*

Come my last of the fives, giue mee a Can, haue to thee Hans here Hodge, here Firke, byinke you mad Greekes, and wozke like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre the shew maker, here Hans and th'art welcome.

Firke. Lo dame, you would haue lost a good fellow that will teach vs to laugh, this here came hopping in well.

Wife. Simon, it is almost seuen.

Eyre. Ist so dame clapper oudegon, ist seuen a clocke, and my mens breakfast not ready? trip and go you slowt cunger, away, come you madde Hyperboreans, follow me Hodge, follow me Hans, come after my fine Firke, to wozke to wozke a while, and then to breakfast.

Exit.

Firke. Best, patw, patw, good Hans, though my master haue no more wit but to call you afoze me, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder iourneyman. *Exeunt.*

Hollowing within. Enter Warner and Hammon like hunters.

Hammon. Cosen, beate euery brake, the game's not farre, This way with winged feet he fled from death, tel him the pursuing hounds senting his steps, Find out his high way to destruction. Besides, the Millers boy told me euen now, He saw him take solie and be hallowed him:

A pleasant Comedy of

Affirming him so emboss,
That long he could not hold.

Warner, If it be so,
Tis best we trace these meddowes by Old Ford.

A noise of hunters within, enter a boy.

Hammon. How now boy, where's the Deere? speak, satost thou him?

Boy. O yea. I saw him leape through a hedge, and then over a ditch, then at my Lord Paio's pale over he skipt mee, and in he went me, and holla the hunters cride, and there boy, there boy, but there he is a mine honestie.

Ham. Boy God a mercie, Cosen lets away,
I hope I shall find better sport to day. *Exeunt.*

Hunting within, enter Rose and Sibill.

Rose. Whip Sibill, wilt thou proue a Foxrester?

Sibill. Upon some no, Foxrester go by: no faith mistress, the Deere came running into the Barne, through the Orchard and over the pale, I wot well, I wot't as pale as a new chafe to see him, but whip sate godman Wincklose by with his staile, and our Nicke with a prong, and dolene he fell, and they vpon him, and I vpon them, by my troth wee had such sport, and in the end we ended him, his throat wee cut, dead him, vnbeynded him, and my Lord Paio's shall eate of him anon when he comes.

Hornes sound within.

Rose. Heark, heark, the hunters come, y'are best take heed, they'l haue a saying to you for this deed.

Enter Hammon, Warner, huntsmen, and boy.

Ham. God saue you faire Ladies.

Sibill. Ladies, O groffe!

War. Came not a Bucks this way?

Rose. No, but two Does.

Ham. And which way went they? saith wee'l hunt at those.

Sibill. At those? vpon some no: when, can you tell?

War. Upon some, I.

Sibill. God Lord.

War. Zounds then farewell.

Ham. Boy, which way went he?

Boy. This

the Gentle Craft.

Boy. This way sir he ran.

Ham. This way he ran indeed, faire Mistris Rose,
Our game was lately in your orchard scene.

War. Can you aduise which way he took his flight?

Sibill. Follow your nose, his hoznes will guide you right.

War. Th'art a mad wench.

Sibill. O rich!

Rose. Trust me, not I,

It is not like that the wild sozrest deere,
Would come so neere to places of resort,
You are deceiu'd, he fled some other way.

War. Which way my surgar-candy, can you shew?

Sibill. Come by good honnislops, vpon some no.

Rose. Why do you stay and not pursue your game?

Sibill. He hold my life their hunting nags be lame.

Ham. A deere, more deere is found within this place.

Rose. But not the Deere (sir) which you had in chase.

Ham. I chac'd the deere, but this deere chaseth me.

Rose. The strangest hunting that euer I see,
But where's your parke?

She offers to go away.

Ham. Tis here: I stay.

Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stay.

War. They wangle wench, we are more kind than they.

Sibill. What kind of heart is that (deere heart) you seeke?

War. A Hart, deere heart.

Sibill. Who euer saw the like?

Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can?

Ham. My heart is lost.

Rose. Alacke good Gentleman.

Ham. This poore lost heart would I wish you might find.

Rose. You by such luck might proue your heart a hind.

Ham. Why Lucke had hoznes, so haue I heard some say?

Rose. Potts God and't be his will send luck into your way.

Enter L. Maior, and seruants.

L. Ma. What ap. Hammon, welcome to Old Fozd.

Sibill. Gods pittikins, hands off sir, heeres my Lord.

L. Ma. I heare you had ill lucke, and lost your game.

A pleasant Comedy of

Ham. 'Tis true my Lord.

L.Ma. I am forrie for the same.

What gentleman is this?

Ham. My brother in law.

L.Ma. You are welcome both, fith Fortune offers you
Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
Untill you haue refreshed your wearied limbes.
So Hibill coner the board, you shall be guest
To no good chere, but euen a hunters feast.

Ham. I thanke your Lordship: couden, on my life,
For our lost venison I shall find a wife. Exeunt.

L.Ma. In gentlemen, Ie not be absent long,
This Hammon is a proper gentleman,
A citizen by birth, fairely allide,
How fit a husband were he for my girle?
Well, I will in, and do the best I can,
To match my daughter to this gentleman. Exit.

Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firke.

Skip. Ick sal you wat seggen Hans, dis skip dat comen
from Candy is alwool, by gots sacrament, van sugar, cinet,
almond, Cambricke, end alle dingen towsand towsand ding,
nempt it Hans. nempt it boy b meester, daer be de bills van
laden, your meester Symon Eyre sal hae good copen, wat seg-
gen you Hans.

Firke. Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen, laugh
Hodge laugh.

Lacie. Mine liener broder Firke, bringt meester Eyre lot
bet signe vn swannckin, dare sal you finds dis skipper end
me, wat seggen you broder Firke? doot it Hodge, come
Skipper. Exeunt.

Firke. Bring him qd. you. heeres no knauerie, to bring my
maister to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2. or 3. hundred
thousand pounds, alas that's nothing, a trifle, a bable Hodge.

Hod. The truth is Firke, that the Merchant owner of the
Ship dares not shew his head, and therfore this Skipper that
deales for him, for the loue he beares to Hans, offers my ma-
ster Eyre a bargaine in the commodities, he shall haue a reason-
nable

the Gentle Craft.

nable day of payment, he may sell the wares by that time and be an huge gainer himselfe.

Firke. *Pea*, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty propentines as an earnest pennie.

Hod. *Boylegues* thou wouldst say, here they be Firke. *hark*, they gingle in my pocket like *S. Mary* Queries bells.

Enter Eyre and his wife.

Firke. *Pum*. here comes my Dame and my Master, theele scold on my life, for loptering this Monday, but al's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holypday.

Wife. You sing sir sauce, but I bestrew your heart, I feare for this your singing we shall smart.

Firke. Smart for me dame, why dame, why?

Hod. Master, I hope youle not suffer my Dame to take downe your Journeymen.

Firke. If she take me downe, Ile take her by, *yea* and take her downe too, a button-bele lower.

Eyre. Peace Firke, not I Hodge, by the life of Pharao, by the Lord of Ludgare, by this beard, enery haire whereof I value at a Kings ranfome, she shall not meddle with you peace you bumbast-cotten-candle queane, away Queene of Clubs, quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firke, ile firke you if you do.

Wife. *Pea* you man, you may vse me as you please: but let that passe.

Eyre. Let it passe, let it banish away: peace, am I not Simon Eyre? are not those my byane men? byane Schoomakers; all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly boyne, as being the sole sonne of a Schoomaker, away rubbish, banish, melt melt like kitchin stuffe.

Wife. *Pea*, *yea*, tis well, I must be cold rubbish, kitchin-stuffe, for a sort of knaues.

Firke. *Pea* dame, you shall not weepe and waile in woo for me: master Ile stay no longer, heere's a euentoile of my shop toles: adue master, Hodge farewell.

Hodge. *Pea* stay Firke, thou shalt not go alone.

Wife. I pray let them go, there be moze maids than *Spawkin*, moze men than Hodge, and moze foolles than Firke.

Firke.

A pleasant Comedie of

Firke. Fooles? nailes if I tarrie now, I would my guts might be turned to shewthead.

Hod. And if I say, I pray God I may be turnd to a Turk, and set in Finsburie for boyes to shoot at: come Firke.

Eyre. Stay my fine knaves, you armes of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a little rattles word make you forsake Simon Eyre? anaunt Bitchinstitute, rippe you brolone bread tannikin, out of my sight, mone mee not, haue not I tane you from selling Tripes in Eastcheape, and set you in my shop, and make you halfe fellow with Simon Eyre the Whoo-maker? and now doe you deale thus with my Journeymen? Loke you powder-beefe queane on the face of Hodge: heeres a face for a Lord.

Firke. And heeres a face for any Lady in Christendome.

Eyre. Kip you chitterling, anaunt boy, bid the Wyper of the Boyes head fill me a dozen Cannes of beere for my tourneymen.

Firke. A dozen Cans? O balue Hodge now Ile say.

Eyre. And the knave fills any more than two, bee payes for them: a dozen Cans of beere for my Journeymen, heere you mad Mesopotamians, wash your liners with this liquour, where bee the odde ten? no more Wadge, no more, well said, drink & to work: what work dost thou Hodge? what work?

Hod. I am a making a paire of Shoes for my Lord Palors daughter, mistress Rose.

Firke. And I a paire of Shoes for Sibill my Lords maide, I deale with her.

Eyre. Sibill? fie, defile not thy fine workemanly fingers with the feet of Bitchinstitute, and basting lables, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads. commit their feet to our apparrelling, put grosse worke to Hans: yarke and seame: park and seame.

Firke. For parking and seaming let me alone, & I come too.

Hod. Well master ail this is from the bias, doe you remember the Shippe my fellow Hans told you of, the Shipper and he are both drinking at the Swan? here be the Portugues to giue earnest, if you gas through with it, you cannot chole but be a Lord at least.

Firke.

the Gentle Craft.

Firk. Say dame, if my master proue not a Lord, and you a Lady, hang me.

Wife. Pea like enough, if you may loyter and tittle thus.

Firke. Tittle Dame: no we haue beene bargaining with Skellum Scanderbag: can you Dutch speake, for a Shippe of Silke Cipresse, laden with Sugar Candy.

Enter the boy with a velvet coat, and an Aldermans gowne. Eyre puts it on.

Eyre. Peace Firk, silence tittle tattle: Hodge, he go through with it, heere a scale ring, and I haue sent for a garbed gown and a damaske casocke, see where it comes, looke heere Maggy, helpe me Firke, apparrell me Hodge, like and fatten you mad Whittines, like and fatten.

Firk. Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dogge in a doublet, all in beaten damaske and velvet.

Eyre. Softly Firke, for rearing of the nap, and wearing thread-bare my garments: how dost thou like mee Firke? how do I looke my fine Hodge?

Hod. Why now you looke like your selfe master, I warrant you, ther's few in the citie, but will giue you the wall, and come vpon you with the right worshipfull.

Firk. Praises my master lookes like a thread-bare cloake new turn'd, and dyest: Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment both? dame, dame, are you not enamoured?

Eyre. How saist thou Maggy, am I not byllik: am I not fine? Wife. Fine? by my troth sweet heart very fine: by my troth I neuer likt thee so well in my life sweet heart. But let that passe, I warrant there be many women in the citie haue not such handsome husbands, but onely for their apparrell, but let that passe too.

Enter Hans and Skipper.

Hans. Godden day mester, dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandize, de commodity ben god, nempt it mester, nempt it.

Eyre. God a mercy Hans, welcome Skipper, where lies this ship of marchandize?

Skip. De skip beene in rouere: do; be in sugar, cluit, Almonds, Cambricke, and a towland towland tings, gets sacrament, nempt it mester, ye sal heb good copen.

A pleasant Comedie of

Firke. To him malkster, O swæt malkster, O swæt swares,
Pynnes, Almonds, Sugar candie, Carret roots, Turnips, O
brave fattling meat, let not a man buy a nutmeg but your self.

Eyre. Peace Firke, come Skipper, He goe aboard with you,
Hans haue you made him drinke?

Skipper. Patw, paw, ic heb brale ge drunke.

Eyre. Come Hans follow me: Skipper, thou shalt haue my
countenance in the citie. Exeunt.

Firke. Patw heb beale ge drunke, quoth a: they may well
be called butter-boxes, when they drinke fat beale, and thicke
beere too: but come Dame, I hope youle chide vs no moze.

Wife. So saith Firke, no perdy Hodge, I do sale honour
cræpe vpon me, and which is moze, a certayne rising in my
flesh, but let that passe.

Firke. Rising in your flesh do you sale say you? I you may
be with child, but why should not my master sale a rising in
his flesh, hauing a gowne and a gold ring on, but you are such
a shrew, youle some pull him downe.

Wife. Ha, ha, prethæ peace, thou makst my worship laugh,
but let that passe: come ile goe in Hodge, prethæ goe besoze
me, Firke follow me.

Firke. Firke doth follow, Hodge passe out in state. Exeunt.

Enter Lincolne and Dodger.

Lin. How now good Dodger, whats the newes in France?

Dodg. My Lord, vpon the eightenth day of May,
The French and English were prepared to fight,
Each side with eager furie gaue the signe
Of a most hot encounter, fine long houres
Both armies fought together: at the length,
The lot of victorie fell on our sides,
Twelue thousand of the Frenchmen that day diide,
Foure thousand English, and no man of name,
But Captaine Hyam and young Ardington,
Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

Lin. But Dodger, prethæ tell me in this fight,
How did our cozen Lacy beare himselfe?

Dodg. My Lord your cozen Lacy was not there.

Lin. Not there? Dodg. So, my good Lord.

Lin.

the Gentle Craft.

Lin. Sure thou mistakest,
I saw him thipt, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnessse of the farewells which he gaue,
When I with weeping eyes bid him adieu:
Dodger take heed.

Dodg. My Lord I am aduisde
That what I speake is true: to proue it so,
His cozen Askew that supplide his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might conuey himselfe hither.

Lin. It euen so,
Dares he so carelesly venture his life,
Upon the indignation of a King?
Nay he dispil'd my loue, and spurn'd those fauours
Which I with prodigall hand powred on his head:
He shall repent his rashnesse with his soule,
Since of my loue he makes no estimate,
He make him with he had not knowne my hate,
Thou hast no other newes?

Dodg. None else, my Lord.

Lin. None worse I know thou hast: procure the King
To croone his giddy browes with ample honours,
Send him chiefe Colonell, and all my hope
Thus to be dash't? but tis in vaine to grieve,
One euill cannot a worse releue:
Upon my life I haue found out this plot,
The old dog Loue that satnd upon him so,
Loue to that yuling gillie, his faire cheekt Rose,
The Lord Palatons daughter hath distracted him.
And in the fire of that lones lunacie,
Hath he burnt vp himselfe, consum'd his credit,
Lost the Kings loue, yea and I feare his life,
Duely to get a wanton to his wife:
Dodger, it is so.

Dodg. I feare so my good Lord.

Linco. It is so, nay sure it cannot be.
I am at my wits end Dodger.

Dodg. Yea my Lo, d.

A pleasant Comedie of

Lin. Thou art acquainted with my Nephewes haunts,
Spend this gold for thy paines, go seeke him out,
Watch at my Lord Maiors, there (if he liue)
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him:
But be diligent. Lacy, thy name
Lin'd once in honour, now dead in shame:
Be circumpect.

Exit.

Dod. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, and Master Scor.

L. Ma. Good master Scor, I haue bene bold with you,
To be a witnesse to a wedding knot,
Yet twixt young master Hammon and my daughter.
Stand aside, see where the louers come.

Enter Hammon and Rose.

Rose. Can it be possible you loue me so?
No, no, within those eye-balls I espie,
Apparant likelihoods of flatterie,
Why now let go my hand.

Ham. Sweet mistres Rose,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceiue
Of my affection, whose deuoted soule
Swears that I loue thee dearer than my heart.

Rose. As deere as your owne heart? I iudge it right.
Men loue their hearts best when th'are out of sight.

Ham. I loue you, by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now:

If flesh be fraile, how weake and frail's your bow?

Ham. Then by my life I sweare.

Rose. Then do not bawle,
One quarrell loseth wife and life and all,
Is not your meaning thus?

Ham. In faith you tell.

Rose. Loue loues to sport, therefore leaue loue p'are best.

L. Ma. What square they master Scor?

Scor. Sir, neuer doubt,

Louers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fawtyng me,
Say neuer turns a side, shun not my sight,

I am

the Gentle Craft.

I am not growne so fond, to fond my lone,
On any that shall quit it with disdain,
If you will lone me, so: if not, farewell.

L. Ma. Why how now lovers, are you both agreed?

Ham. Yes saith my Lord. (daughter.

L. Ma. 'Tis well, give me your hand, give me yours
How now, both pull backe, what means this, Sirle?

Rose. I meane to line a maide.

Ham. But not to die one, pathe ere that be said. aside.

L. Ma. Will you kill her offe me? still be obstinate?

Ham. Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,
If she can line an happie virgins life,
'Tis far more blessed than to be a wife.

Rose. Say sir I cannot, I haue made a vow,
Who euer be my husband tis not you.

L. Ma. Your tongue is quicke, but ~~th~~ Hammon know,
I bad you welcome to another end.

Ham. What, would you haue me pale, and pine, and pray,
With lonely Lady mistris of my heart,
Wardon your seruant, and the rimer play,
Kipling on Cupid, and his tyrants dart?
Or shall I vnder take some martiall spoile,
Wearing your glorie at Turney, and at Elst,
And tell how many gallants I vnbosz,
So set, will this pleasure you?

Rose. Yes, when wilt begin?
What lone-rimes man? sit on that deadly sinne.

L. Ma. If you will haue her, Ile make her agré.

Ham. Enforced lone is worse than hate to me,
There is a wench keeps shop in the old change,
To her will I, it is not wealth I seke,
I haue enough, and will prefer her lone
Before the world: my good Lord ~~W~~aloz adeu,
Old lone for me, I haue no lucke with new. Exit.

L. Ma. Now mammet you haue well behan'd your selfe.
But you shall curse your coyntre if I line:
Who's within there? se you conuey your mistris
Straight to th' old Ford, Ile kepe you strait enough,

A pleasant Comedy of

Forso God I would haue siozne the puling girl
Would willingly accept Hammons loue ;
But banish him my thoughts, ge miuion in. Exit Rose.
Now tell me master Scot, would you haue thought
That master Symon Eyre the Shomaker
Had bene of wealth to buy such merchandize ?

Scot. 'Twas well my Lord, your honour, and my selfe,
Crew partners with him, for your billes of lading
Shew that Eyres gaines in one commoditie
Wise at the least to full thre thousand pound,
Besides like geine in other merchandize.

L.Ma. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands now,
For I haue sent for him to the Guild Hall, Enter Eyre.
See where he comes : god morrow master Eyre.

Eyre. Where Simon Eyre, my Lord, your shomaker.

L.Ma. Well well, it likes your selfe to ter me you so,
Enter Dodger.

Now M. Dodger, whats the newes with you ?

Dodg. I do gladly speake in priuate to your Honor.

L.Ma. You shall, you shall : master Eyre, and M. Scot,
I haue some businesse with this gentleman,
I pray let me intreat you to walke befoze
To the Guild hall, He follow presently,
Maister Eyre, I hope ere none to call you Sherife.

Eyre. I would not care (my Lord) if you might call me king
of Spaine, come master Scot.

L.Ma. Now master Dodger, what's the newes you bring ?

Dod. The Carle of Lincolne by me greets your Lordship,
And earnestly requests you (if you can)
Informe him where the nephew Lacy liues.

L.Ma. Is not his nephew Lacy now in France ?

Dod. No I assure your Lordship, but disgnit'd
Lurkes here in London.

L.Ma. London ? ist euen so ?

It may be ; but vpon my faith and soule,
I know not where he liues, or whether he liues,
So tell my Lord of Lincolne : lurke in London ?
Will master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,

the Gentle Craft.

We but the meanes to rid him into France,
He giue you a dozen angells for your paines,
So much I loue his honoz, hate his nephew,
And pr̄th̄e so informe thy Lord from me.

Dodger. I take my leaue. Exit Dodger.

L. Ma. Fare well good M. Dodger.

Lacie's in London I dare putwne my life,
My daughter knowes thereof, and so; that cause,
Denied young Master Hammon in his loue,
Well, I am glad I sent her to old Fozd,
Gods Lord tis late, to Guild Hall I must hie,
I know my Wethzen lacke my companie. Exit.

Enter Firke, Eyres wife, Hans and Roger.

Wife. Thou goest too fast for me Roger. M. Firke.

Firke. I forsooth.

Wife. I pray the run (doe you heare) run to Guild Hall,
and learne if my husband M. Eyre will take that worshipfull
vocation of M. Sherife vpon him, he the good Firke.

Firke. Take it? well I goe, and he should not take it, Firke
swears to forswear him, yes forsooth I goe to Guild Hall.

Wife. Say when? th'art t'wo compendious and tedious.

Firke. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence. how like
a new Cart wheele my dame speaks, and hee looks like an
old mustie Ale-bottle going to scalding.

Wife. Say when? thou wilt make me melancholly.

Firke. God forbid your Worship should fall into that humour, I run. Exit.

Wife. Let me see now Roger and Hans.

Ro. I forsooth dame, (mist'is I should say) but the old terme
so sticks to the roofof my mouth, I can hardly like it off.

Wife. Euen what thou wilt good Roger, Dame is a faire
name for my honest Christian, but let that passe, how dost
thou Hans?

Hans. We thank you v'ro.

Wife. Well Hans and Roger, you see God hath blest your
matter, and perdie if euer he come to be M. Sherife of London,
(as we are all mortall) you shall see, I will haue some
odds

A pleasant Comedy of

odde thing or other in a corner for you, I will not bee your backe friend, but let that passe, Hans, pray thee my shoe.

Hans. What will I say to you?

Wife. Roger, thou knowest the length of my foote, as it is none of the biggest, so I thanke God it is handsome enough, pray thee let me haue a paire of shoes made, forke good Roger, wooden heele too.

Hodge. You shall.

Wife. Art thou acquainted with neuer a Fardingale-maker, nor a French-hood-maker, I must enlarge my bumme, ha, ha, ha, how shall I looke in a hood I wonder, perdie odly I thinke.

Roger. As a Cat out of a Pilloze, very wel I warrant you spinstress.

Wife. Indeed all flesh is grasse, and Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good haire?

Roger. Yes forsooth, at the Poulterers in Gracious Street.

Wife. Thou art an vngracious wag, perdy, I meane a false haire for my perewig.

Roger. Why spinstress, the next time that I cut my beard, you shall haue the shanings of it, but mine are all true haire.

Wife. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a maske.

Roger. So you had need to hide your wicked face.

Wife. Hee upon it, how costly this worlds calling is, perdie, but that it is one of the wonderfull workes of God, I would not deale with it: is not Firke come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it passe and vanish as my husbands worship saies.

Hans. Ick bin hollicke, let see you see.

Roger. Spinstress, will you drinke a pipe of Tobacco?

Wife. Hee upon it Roger, perdy, these filthy tobacco pipes are the most idle flauering bables that euer I felt: out vpon it, God blesse vs, men looke not like men that bise them.

Enter Raph bring lame.

Roger. What fellow Raph? Spinstresse looke heere, Ianes husband: why how now, lame? Hans make much of him, hee's a brother of our Trade, a good workeman, and a tall souldier.

Hans. You be welcome brother.

Wife.

the Gentle Craft.

Wife. Pardie I knew him not, how dost thou good Raph?
I am glad to see thee well.

Raph. I would God you saw me same as well,
As when I went from London into France.

Wife. Trust mee I am sorrie Raph to see thee impotent,
Lord how the warres haue made him sun-burnt: the left leg
is not well, 'twas a faire gift of God, the infirmitie took not
hold a little higher, considering thou camst from France, but
let that passe.

Raph. I am glad to see you well, and I reioyce
To heare that God hath blest my master so
Since my departure.

Wife. Pea truely Raph, I thanke my maker: but let that
passe.

Rog. And sirra Raph, what newes, what newes in France?

Raph. Tell me good Roger first what newes in England?
How does my Iane? when dost thou see my wife?
Where liues my poore heart? shee be poore indeed,
Now I want limbes to get whereon to feed.

Rog. Limbes? hast thou not hands man? thou shalt ne-
uer see a shoemaker want bread, though he haue but thre an-
gers on a hand.

Raph. Yet all this while I heare not of my Iane.

Wife. O Raph your wife, perdie wee know not what's be-
come of her: she was here a while, and because she was mar-
ried, grew more stately than became her, I cherit her, and so
sooth, away she sang, neuer returned, nor said bish nor bab:
and Raph you know, ha me, ha the, And so as I tell ye. Roger
is not Firke come yet?

Rog. No sooth.

Wife. And so indeed we heard not of her, but I heare shee
liues in London: but let that passe. If shee had wanted, shee
might haue opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of
my men, I am sure there is not any of them perdie, but would
haue done her good to his power. Hans, looke if Firke bee
come.

Exit Hans.

Hans. What sal hee.

Wife. And so as I said: but Raph, why dost thou weep?
thou

A pleasant Comedie of

thou knowest that naked we came out of our mothers womb, and naked we must returne, and therefore thanke God for all things.

Roger. No faith, Iane is a stranger heere, but Raph pull vp a good heart, I know thou hast one, thy wife man is in London, one told me he saw her a while agoe very blynde and neat, we'le ferret her out, and London hold her.

Wife. Alas poore soule, he's ouer-come with sorrow, he does but as I doe, weepe for the losse of any good thing : but Raph, get thee in, call for some meat and drinke, thou shalt find me woorthipfull towards thee.

Raph. I thanke you dame, since I want limbs and lande, Ile trust to God, my good friends, and to my hands. Exit.

Enter Hans and Firke running.

Firke. Runne good Hans, O Hodge, O Mistris; Hodge heare vp thine eares, mistresse smugge vp your looke, on with your best apparrell, my master is cholen, my maister is called, nay condemned by the cry of the Countie to be Sherife of the Ctrie, for this famous yeare now to come : and time now being, a great many men in black golones were askt for their voices, and their hands, and my master had all their fill about his eares presently. and they cried I, I, I, I. and so I came away, wherefore without all other grieve, I doe saigne you mistris Shyrene.

Hans. Wai, my master is de good man, de Shyrene.

Roger. Did not I tell you Mistris, now I may boldly say, good mayrewe to your woorthip.

Wife. Good mayrewe good Roger, I thanke you my good people all, Firke, hold vp thy hand, heere's a thre pennie pace for thy twidings.

Firke. 'Tis but thre halfe pence, I think : yes tis thre pence I smell the R se.

Hodge. Ent Mistris, be rul'd by me, and do not speake so pulling in.

Firke. 'Tis her woorthip speaks soe not she, no faith mistris speake my in the olo k. y, to it Firke, there good Firke, ple your business

the Gentle Craft.

busynesse Hodge, Hodge with a full mouth : He fill your bellies with good chère till they crye twaug.

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chaine.

Hans. *H* mine lieuer broder, here comt my maister.

Wife. *W*elcome home maister Shyldeu, I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. *H*ere my Maggy, a Chaine, a gold Chaine for Simon Eyre, I shall make this a lady, here's a French hood for thee, on with it, on with it, dresse thy browes with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee looke lonely : where be my fine men ? Roger, He make out a y Chop and toles to thee : Firke, thou shalt be the foemen : Hans, thou shalt have an hundred for twen'y, be as mad knaves as your maister Sim Eyre hath bene, and you shall live to be sherifes of London : how dost thou like mee Margerie ? Whence am I none, yet am I princely borne, Firke, Hodge, and Hans.

All 3. *I* forsooth, what sayes your worship mistress Sherife?

Eyre. *W*orship and honour ye Babilonian knaves, for the Gentle Craft : but I forgot my selfe, I am bidden to my Lord Maior to dinner to old Fford, he's gone before, I must after : come Madge, on with your trinkets : now my true Troians, my fine Firke, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some devise, some odde crochets, some moztis, or such like, for the honour of the gentlemyn shew-makers, meet mee at old Fford, you know my mind : come Madge away, shut up the shop knaves, and make Holiday.

Exeunt.

Firke. *H* rare, *H* byane, come Hodge, follow me Hans, we'll be with them for a Moztis dance.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior, Eyre, his wife in a French-hood, Sibill and other Seruants.

L. Maior. *T*ruff me you are as welcome to old Fford, as my selfe.

Wife. *H*elp, I thanke your Lordship.

L. Maior. *W*ould our bad chère were woorth the thanks you giue.

Eyre. *G*ood chère my Lord Maior, fine chère, a fine house, fine walles, all fine and neat.

A pleasant Comedie of

L.Ma. Now by my troth, He tell thee maister Eyre,
It does me good and all my Wyethen,
That such a mad-cap fellow as thy selfe
Is entred into our societie.

Wife. I but my Lord hee must learne now to put on gra-
uitie.

Eyre. Peace Maggy, a fig for grauitie, when I goe to Guild
Hall in my Scarlet gowne, I'll looke as demurely as a Saint,
and speake as grauely as a Iustice of Peace, but now I am
here at old Fford, at my good Lord Waiors house, let it goe by,
banish Maggy, I'll be merrie, away with flip flap, these soole-
ries, these gulleries: what hunny? Prince am I none, yet am
Princely borne: what sayes my Lord Waior?

L.Ma. Ha, ha, ha, I had rather than a thousand pound, I
had an heart but halfe so light as yours.

Eyre. Why what should I doe my Lord? a pound of care
payes not a dram of debt: hum, let's be merrie while wee are
young, old Age sacke and sugar will steale vpon vs ere we be
aware.

L.Ma. Its well done, Missis Eyre, pray giue good coun-
sell to my daughter.

Wife. I hope missis Rose will haue the grace to take no-
thing that's bad.

L.Ma. Pray God she doe, for isailth missis Eyre,
I would bestow vpon that prentish girle
A thousand markes more than I meane to giue her,
Upon condition she be rul'd by me.
She spe still crosseeth me: there came of late
A proper gentleman of faire reueneues,
Whom gladly I would call Sonne in law:
But my fine Cockn y would haue none of him,
Voule proue a Cockscumbe for it crye vndie,
A Courtier or no man must please your eye.

Eyre. Be rul'd sweet Rose, th'art ripe for a man: marrie
not with a boy that has no more haire on his face than thou
hast on thy cheekes: a Courtier, was, goe by, stand not vpon
pithers, patherie; those sicken fellows are but painted Ima-
ges, outsid'es, outsid'es Rose, their inner linings are foine:

no

the Gentle Craft.

no my fine morfe, marrie me with a Gentleman Grocer like
my Lord Maior your father, a Grocer is a swet trade, plums,
plums: had I a sunne or daughter should marrie out of the
generation & blood of the Shoemakers, he should perish: what,
the gentle trade is a living for a man through Europe, through
the world.

A noyse within of a Taber and a Pipe.

L. Ma. What noyse is this?

Eyre. My Lord Maior, a crue of good fellows that for
loue to your honour, are come hither with a Poeris dance;
come in my Mesopotamians cheerily.

Enter Hodge, Hans, Raph, Finke, and other Shoo-
makers in a morris: after a little dancing
the Lord Maior speaks.

L. Ma. Maister Eyre, are all these Shoemakers?

Eyre. All Cozowainer my good Lord Maior.

Rose. How like my Lacie looks yond Shoemaker.

Hans. O that I durst but speake vnto my loue!

L. Ma. Sibill, go fetch some wine to make these drinke,
you are all welcome.

All. We thanke your Lordship,

Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.

Rose. For his sake whose faire shape thou representest,
God friend I drinke to thee.

Hans. It be dancke good frister.

Eyres Wife. I see mistris Rose you do not want iudgement,
you haue drunke to the properest man I keepe.

Finke. Here be some haue done their parts to be as proper
as he.

L. Ma. Well, bigent businesse calls me backe to London:
God fellows first go in and tast our cheare,
And to make merrie as you home ward goe,
Spend these two angels in beere at Stratford Boe.

Eyre. To these two (my mad lads) Simon Eyre addes ano-
ther, then cheerily Firke, tickle it Hans, and all for the honour
of Shoemakers.

All go dancing out.

A pleasant Comedy of

L.M. Come out for Eyre, let's haue your company. Exeunt

Rose. Sibill what shall I doe?

Sibill. Why what's the matter?

Rose. That Hans the Shoemaker is my loue Lacy,
Disguis'd in that atture to find me out,
How should I find the meanes to speake with him?

Sib. What miserie, neuer feare, I dare venture my maiden
head to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutch
man when we come to London, shall not onely see and speake
with you, but in spight of all your fathers pollicies, steale
you away. and marrie you, will not this please you?

Rose. Do this, and euer be assured of my loue.

Sibill. Away then, and follo w your father to London, least
your absence cause him to suspect something:
To morrow if my counsell be obaide,
He binde you prentise to the gentle trade.

Enter Iane in a Semsters shop working, and Hammon muffled
at another doore, he stands aloofe.

Ham. Wonder's the shop, and there my faire loue sits,
Whoe's faire and lonely, but she is not mine,
O would she were, thrice haue I courted her,
Thrice hath mine hand beene moistned with her hand,
Whilst my poore semist's eyes do feed on that
Which make them samth: I am infor:unate,
I still loue one, yet no bodie loues me,
I mu'e in other men what women see,
That I so want? fine mistris Rose was coy,
And this too curious, oh no, she is chaste,
And for she thinks me wanton, she denies
To cheare my cold heart with her sunny eyes,
How prettily she workes, oh pretty hand!
Oh happie worke, it doth me good to stand
Unseene to see her, thus I oft haue stood,
In frosty euening's, a sight burning by her,
Enduring biting cold, onely to eye her,
One onely looke hath seem'd as rich to me
As a Kings crowne, such is loues lunacie:

Spurried

the Gentle Craft.

Huffled Ile passe along, and by that try
Whether she know me.

Iane. Sir, what ist you buy?

What ist you lacke sir? callico, or lawns,
Fine cambrycke shirts, or bands, what will you buy?

Ham. That which thou wilt not sell, saith yet ile trie:

How do you sell this handkercher?

Iane. Good cheape.

Ham. And how these ruffes?

Iane. Cheape too.

Ham. And how this band?

Iane. Cheape for.

Ham. All cheape, how sell you then this band?

Iane. By hands are not to be sold.

Ham. To be giuen then, may saith I come to buy.

Iane. But none knowes when.

Ham. Good sweet, leaue worke a little while, lets play.

Iane. I cannot line by keeping holliday.

Ham. Ile pay you for the time which shall be lost.

Iane. With me you shall not be at so much cost.

Ham. Looke how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.

Iane. It may be so.

Ham. 'Tis so.

Iane. What remedy?

Ham. Say saith you are too coy.

Iane. Let go my hand.

Ham. I will do any taske at your command,

I would let go this beautie, were I not

In mind to disobey you by a power

That controules Kings: ile loue you.

Iane. So, now part.

Ham. With hands I may, but neuer with my heart,
In saith I loue you.

Iane. I beleue you doe.

Ham. Shall a true loue in mee breed hate in you?

Iane. I hate you not.

Ham. I hen pen must loue.

Iane. I doe, what are you better now? I loue not you.

Ham.

A pleasant Comedy of

Ham. All this I hope is but a womans fray.
 That meanes come to me, when she cries, away;
 In earnest mistress I do not iest,
 A true chaste loue hath entred in my brest,
 I loue you dearely as I doe my life,
 I loue you as a husband loues a wife,
 That, and no other loue my loue requires,
 Thy wealth I know is little, my desires
 Thirst not for gold sweet beantious Iane what's mine,
 Shall (if thou make my selfe thine) all be thine,
 Say, iudge, what is thy sentence, life, or death?
 Percy or cruellie lies in thy breath.

Iane. Good sir I do beleue you loue me well:
 For tis a sely conquest, sely pride,
 For one like you (I meane a Gentleman)
 To boast, that by his loue tricks he hath brought,
 Such and such women to his amorous lure:
 I thinke you do not so, yet many doe,
 And make it euen a very trade to woe,
 I could be coy, as many women be,
 Feed you with Sun-shine smiles, and wanton looks,
 But I detest witch-craft; say that I
 Doe constantly beleue you, constant haue.

Ham. Why doest thou not beleue me?

Iane. I beleue you,
 But yet good sir, because I will not græue you,
 With hopes to tast fruit which will neuer fall,
 A simple trueth this is the summe of all,
 My husband liues, at least I hope he liues,
 Whest was he to these bitter warres in France,
 Bitter they are to me by wanting him,
 I haue but one heart, and that heart's his due,
 How can I then bestow the same on you?
 Whilest he liues his I liue, be it nere so poore,
 And rather be his wife, than a Kings whoore.

Ham. Chaste and deare woman, I will not abuse thee,
 Although it cost my life, if thou refuse,
 Thy husband whest for France, what was his name?

Iane.

the Gentle Craft.

Iane. Rafe Dampport.

Ham. Dampport, heres a letter sent
From France to me, from a deere friend of mine,
A Gentleman of place, here he doth write,
Their names that haue beene slaine in euery fight.

Iane. I hope deaths scrowle contains not my lones name.

Ham. Can you read?

Iane. I can.

Ham. Peruse the same.

To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest: see here.

Iane. Aye me, hee's dead,

He's dead, if this be true my deare hearts slaine.

Ham. Haue patience, deare lons.

Iane. Hence, hence.

Ham. Say sweet Iane,

Make not worse sorrow proued with these rich teares,
I mourne thy husbands death because thou mournest.

Iane. That bill is forged, tis signe by forgeie.

Ham. He bying the letters sent besides too many
Carrying the like report: Iane tis too true,
Come, weep not: mourning though it rise from lons,
Helpes not the mournd, yet hurts them that mourne.

Iane. For Gods sake leaue me.

Ham. Whether dost thou turne?

Forget the dead, lons them that are aline.

His lons is faded, trie how mine will chur.

Iane. 'Tis now no time for me to thinke on lons.

Ham. 'Tis now best time for you to thinke on lons, be-
cause your lonselines not.

Iane. Though he be dead, my lons to him shal not be buried
For Gods sake leaue me to my selfe alone.

Ham. 'T would kill my soule to leaue thee dyd in mine:
Answers me to my sute, and I am gone,
Say to me, yea, or no.

Iane. No.

Ham. Then farewell: one farewell will not serue. I come
again, come dye these wet cheekes, tell me faith sweete

A pleasant Comedie of

Iane, yea, or no, once moze.

Iane. Once moze I say no, once moze begone I pray, else
will I goe.

Hain. Say then I will grow rude by this white hand,
Antill you change that cold no, here ile stand,
Will by you hard heart

Iane. Say for Gods lone peace,
My sorrows by your presence moze increase,
Not that you thus are present, but all grieve
Desires to be alone, therefore in briefe
Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu,
If euer I wed man it shall be you.

Hain. Oh blessed voice, deare Iane, ile bide no moze,
Thy breath hath made me rich.

Iane. Death makes me poore.

Exit.

Enter Hodge at his shop boord, Rafe, Firke, Hans,
and a boy at worke.

All. Hey downe, a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said my hearts, plie your worke to day, wee
loptred yesterday, so it sell well, that we may line to be Lord
Mayors, or Aldermen at least.

Firke. Hey downe a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said isailth, how saist thou Hans, doth not Firke
tickle it?

Hans. Yair mester.

Firke. Not so neither, my organe pipe squeaks this moze,
ning for want of licozing: hey downe a downe dery.

Hans. Forward Firke, to be best in idly yonger hart I me-
ter ic bid ye cut me in paire hanppes boy mester Cares boots

Hodge. When shalt Hans.

Firke. Paister.

Hodge. How now, boy?

Firke. Pray, now you are in the cutting baine, cut me out
a paire of counterseits, or else my worke will not passe cur-
rant, hey downe a downe.

Hod. Tell me first, are my cozen M. Priscialles shewes done?

Firke. Your cozen? no matter, one of your aunts, hang her,
let them alone.

Rafe.

the Gentle Craft.

Rafe. I am in hand with them, he gave charge that none but I should do them for her.

Firke. Thou do for her? then it will be but a lame doing, and that she loves not: Rafe, thou might'st haue sent her to me, in faith I would haue pearkt and skit your Precilla, hey downe a downe dery, this gère will not hold.

Hodge. How saist thou Firke: were we not merry at Old Foys?

Firke. How merry? why our buttockes went Higgytoggyl like a quagmire: well Mr Roger Watmeale, if I thought all meate of that nature, I would eate nothing but Wagpud-dings.

Raph. Of all good fortunes, my fellow Hans had the best.

Firke. 'Tis true, because mistress Rose thanks to him.

Hodge. Well, well, worke apace, they say seuen of the Aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firke. I care not, it's be none.

Rafe. So no; I, but then my M. Eyre will come quickly to be L. Mayor.

Enter Sibill.

Firke. Ahope, vonder comes Sibill.

Hodge. Sibill, welcome ifaith, and how dost thou madde wench?

Firke. Sib whowze, welcome to London.

Sibill. Godamercy swet Firke: god Lord, Hodge, what a delicious shop you haue got, you tickle it ifaith.

Rafe. God a mercy Sibill for our god chere at old Foys.

Sibill. That you shall haue Rose.

Firke. Say by the masse, we had tickling chere Sibill, and how the plague dost thou and mistress Rose, and my L. Mayor? I put the woman in first.

Sibill. Well Godamercy: but gods me, I forget my selfe, where's Hans the Flemming?

Firke. Hearke butter-bors, now you must yelp out some speken.

Hans. Wat begate gon bat bod gon Frister.

Sibill. Parry you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last.

Hans. Wat ben your egle son, bare ben your mistress?

A pleasant Comedie of

Sibil. Parrie here at our London house in Coznehill.

Firke. Will no bodie serue her turne but Hans?

Sibil. No sir, come Hans I stand vpon needles.

Hod. Why then Sibill, take heed of pte:ing.

Sibill. For that let me alone, I haue a trick in my budget, come Hans.

Hans. Patw, patw, ic sall méte yo ganc.

Exe Hans and Sibill.

Hodge. Goe Hans, make hast againe: come, who lackes worke?

Firke. I master, so; I lacke my breakfast, tis munching time, and past.

Hodge. Ist so, why then leaue worke Raph, to breake fast, boy looke to the toles, come Rafe, come Firke. Exeunt.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Let me see now, the signe of the Last in Towerstreet, mas yonders the house: what hatw, whoes within?

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. Who calls there, what want you sir?

Ser. Parrie I would haue a paire of shoes made for a Gentlewoman against to morrow morning. what, can you do them?

Rafe. Yes sir, you shall haue them, but what length's her foote.

Ser. Why, you must make them in all parts like this shoe, but at any hand faile not to do them, for the Gentlewoman is to be married ber'e earely in the morning.

Rafe. How by this shoe must it be made: by this? are you sure sir by this?

Ser. How, by this am I sure, by this art thou in thy wits? I tell thee I must haue a paire of shoes, dost thou marke me? a paire of shoes, two shoes made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against to morrow morning by foure a clocke, dost thou vnderstand me, canst do it?

Rafe. Yes sir, yes, I, I, I can do't, by this shoe you say: I should knowe this shoe? yes sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't, foure a clocke, well, whither shall I bring them?

Ser. To the signe of the golden ball in Watlingstreet, enquire

the Gentle Craft.

quire for one master Hammon, a Gentleman, my master.

Raph. Yea sir, by this shoe you say.

Ser. I say master Hammon at the golden Ball, he's the
Wife-groome and those shoes are for his wife.

Raph. They shall be done by this shoe; well, well, master
Hammon at the gold shoe, I would say the golden Ball, wel,
very well, but I pray you sir, where must master Hammon
be married?

Ser. At Saint Faith's Church vnder Paules: but what's
that to thee? prythie dispatch those shoes, and so farewell.

Exit.

Raph. By this shoe said he, how am I amaz'd
At this strange accident? vpon my life,
This was the very shoe I gave my wife
When I was prest for France; since when, alas,
I neuer could heare of her: 'Tis the same,
And Hammons wife no other than my lane.

Enter Firke.

Firke. Snailles Raph thou hast lost thy part of three pots, a
countrieman of mine gave me to breakfast.

Raph. I care not, I haue found a better thing.

Firke. A thing? alway, is it a mans thing or a womans
thing?

Raph. Firke, dost thou know this shoe?

Firke. So by my troth, neither doth that know me: I haue
no acquaintance with it, tis a more stranger to me.

Raph. Why then I see, this shoe I durst be sworne
Once couered the instep of my lane:
This is her eye, her breadth; thus trod my loue,
These true-loue knots I prickt, I hold my life,
By this old shoe I shall find out my wife.

Firke. Ha, ha old shoe, that were new, how a murren came
this ago fit of foolishness vpon thee?

Raph. Thus Firke, euen now here came a learning man,
By this shoe would he haue a new paire made,
Against to morrow morning for his mistress,
That's to be married to a gentleman.
And why may not this be my sweet lane?

A pleasant Comedy of

Pirke. And why must I not thou be my sweet Ake? ha, ha,
Raph. Well, laugh and spare not, but the truth is this,
 Against to morrow morning Ile provide
 A ludy crew of honest shoemakers,
 To watch the going of the bryde to Church:
 If she pzone Iane, Ile take her in dispite
 Of Hammon and the Deuill, were he by,
 If it be not my Iane, what remedy?
 Hercof I am sure I shall liue till I die,
 Although I neuer with a woman lie.

Pirke. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Cris-
 plegates? Well God sends soles fortune, and it may be hee
 may light vpon his matrimony by such deuice, so; wedding
 and hanging goes by destinie.

Enter Hans and Rose arme in arme.

Hans. How happie am I by embracing thee,
 And I did feare such crosse mishaps did raigne,
 That I should neuer see my Rose againe.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since faire opportunitie,
 Offers her selfe to further our escape,
 Let not too ouer-sond esteeme of me,
 Winder that happie houre, inuent the meanes,
 And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. Oh how I forget with exesse of ioy,
 Made happie by thy rich perfection:
 But since thou payst sweet interest to my hopes,
 Redoubling ioue on loue, let me once moze
 Like to a bold-fac'd debtoz crane of thee,
 This night to steale abroad, and at Eyres house,
 Who now by death of certaine Aldermen,
 Is Paloz of London, and my maister once,
 Hate thou thy Lacy, where in spight of change,
 Our fathers anger, and miue vnclies hate,
 Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh God, what will you do mistris? Shift for your
 selfe, your father is at hand, he's coming, he's coming,
 maister Lacy hide your selfe in my mistris, for Gods sake
 Shift so; your selues.

Hans.

the Gentle Craft.

Hans. Your father come, sweet Rose, what shall I doe?
Where shall I hide me? how shall I escape?

Rose. A man, and want wit in extremities,
Come come, be Hans still, play the Shoemaker,
Pull on my shoe.

Enter L. Maior.

Hans. Was and that's well remembred.

Sibill. Here comes your father.

Hans. For ware mettrisse, 'tis bn god skow, it fall bel tute,
or ye sal niet betallen.

Rose. O God it pincheth me, what will you do.

Hans. Your fathers ppresence pincheth not the shoe.

L.Ma. Well done, sit my daughter well, and she shall please
the well.

Hans. Patw, patw, ick weit dat well, for ware 'tis bn god
skow, 'tis gi mait van neits leither, se iuer mine here.

Enter a Prentise.

L. Maior. I do belene it, wha's the newes with you?

Pren. Please you the Earle of Lincolne at the gate is new-
ly lighted, and would speake with you.

L.Ma. The Earle of Lincolne come speake with me?
Well, well, I know his errand, daughter Rose
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, haue done:

Sib make things handsome, sir boy follow me. Exit.

Hans. My father come; O what may this portend?
Sweet Rose, 'tis of our loue threathens an end.

Rose. Be not dismayd at this, what ere befall,
Rose is thine sworne, to witnesse I speake truth,
Where thou appoints the place, Ile meet with thee;
I will not fire a day to follow thee,

But presently feale hence: do not replie,
Loue which gane strength to beare my fathers hate,
Shall now adde wings to further our escape. Exit.

Enter Lord Maior and Lincolne.

L. Maior. Belene me on my credit I speake truth,
Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,
I haue not sene him: It seem'd strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he staid behind,
Neglecting the high charge the King imposed.

Lin.

A pleasant Comedy of

Line. Trust me (Mr Roger Otley) I did thinke
your counsell had given heed to this attempt,
Draue to it by the time he beares your child;
Here I did hope to find him in your house,
But now I see mine error, and confesse
My iudgement wrong'd you by concealing so.

L. Ma. Lodge in my house, say you? trust me my Lord,
I loue your nephew Lacy too too dearly,
So much to wrong his honour: and he hath done so,
That first gaue him aduice to stae from France.
To witnesse I sweake truth, I let you know
How carefull I haue bene to keepe my daughter
Free from all conference or speech of him,
Not that I feare your nephew, but in loue
I beare your honoꝝ, lest your noble blood,
Should by my meane worth be dishonoured.

Lin. How far the charles tongue wanders from his heart,
Well, well sir Roger Otley, I beleeue you,
With more than many thanks for the kind loue,
So much you seeme to beare me: but my Lord,
Let me request your helpe to seeke my nephew,
Whom if I find, 't'll straight imbarcke for France;
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now liues in my brest. Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh Lord, helpe for Gods sake, my mistress, Oh my
young mistress.

L. Ma. Where is thy mistress? what's become of her?

Sibill. Shee's gone, shee's fled.

L. Ma. Gone? together is she fled?

Sibill. I know not forsooth, shee's fled out of doores with
Hans the Shoemaker, I saw them scud, scud, scud, apace, apace

L. Ma. Which wale? what lohn? where be my men?
Which wale.

Sibill. I know not and it please your worship.

L. Ma. Fled with a Shoemaker, can this be true?

Sibill. O Lord sir, as true as you are L. Mayor.

Lin. Her long tenned Shoemaker? I am glad of this.

L. Ma. A Flemming butter-bore, a Shoemaker.

the Gentle Craft.

Will she forget her birth? requite my care
With such ingratitude? scorn's the young Hammon,
So lone an hourkin, a needy knave?
Well let her die, tis not die after her,
Let her starue if she will, she's none of mine.
Lin. Be not so cruell sir.

Enter Firke with shoes.

Sibill. I am glad she's scapt.

L.Ma. Ile not account of her as of my child,
Was there no better object for her eyes,
But a soule drunken lubbery swill-bellie,
A shoemaker, that's bzaue.

Firke. Oea so sooth 'tis a verie bzaue shoe, and as fit as a
pudding.

L.Ma. How now, what knave is this, from whence com-
mest thou?

Firke. So knave sir, I am Firke the shoemaker, Iustie Ro-
gers chiefe ludy iourneyman, and I come hither to take by
the prettie leggs of sweet mistress Rose, and thus hoping your
worship is in as good health as I was at the making hereof,
I bid you farewell, yours Firke.

L.Ma. Stay, stay, sir knave.

Lin. Come hither shoemaker.

Firke. Tis happie the knave is put befoze the shoemaker, or
else I would not haue vouchsafed to come backe to you, I am
moued, so I sirre.

L.Ma. My Lord, this villaine calls vs knaves by craft.

Firke. When 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knave
gently is no harme: At your worship merrie: Sib your young
mistris. He so bob them, now my maister W. Eyre is Lord
Mayor of London.

L.Ma. Tell me sirra. whose man are you?

Firke. I am glad to see your worship so merrie, I haue no
matw to this gearre, no stomache as yet to a red petticoat.

Pointing to Sibill.

Lin. He meannes not sir to woe you to his maid,
But onely doth demand whose man you are.

G

Firke.

A pleasant Comedie of

Firke. I sing now to the tune of Negro, Roger my fellow
is now my maister.

Linc. Sirra knowst thou one Hans a shoemaker.

Fir. Hans Shoemaker, oh yes, yes I haue him, I tell you
what, I speake it in secret, mistress Rose & he are by this time,
no not so, but shortly are to come ouer one another, with Can
you dance the shaking of the sheets? it is that Hans, He so
gull these diggers.

L.Ma. Knowst thou then where he is?

Firke. Yes forsooth, yea marry.

Linc. Canst thou in seducesse?

Firke. No forsooth, no marry.

L.Ma. Tell me good honest fellow where he is,
And thou shalt see what He bestow of thee.

Firke. No est fellow, no fir, not so fir, my profession is the
Gentle craft, I care not for sacking, I loue feeling, let me see
if here, *aurum tenus* ten pices of gold *genum tenus*, ten pices
of silver, and then Firke is your man in a new paire of
stretchers.

L.Ma. Here is an angell part of thy reward,
which I will giue thee, tell me where he is.

Firke. No point, shall I betray my brother? no, shal I proue
Iudas to Hans? no; shal I erie treason to my corporation? no,
I shall be firkt and perkt then, but giue me your angell, your
angell shall tell you.

Linc. Doe so good fellow, 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firke. Send stumping Sib away.

L.Ma. Your wife get you in.

Firke. Witches haue eares, & maids haue wide mouthes:
but for Hans prauce, vpon my word to morrow morning bee
and young mistress Rose goe to this gere, they shall be marry
ed together by this rush, or else turne Firke to a firkin of butter
to tan leather withall.

L.Ma. But art thou sure of this?

Firke. Am I sure that Banles-Raple is a handfull higher
than London stone? or that the pissing Conduit leaks nothing
but pure mother Bunch? am I sure I am lasty Firke? snailles
do you thinke I am so base to gull you?

Linc.

the Gentle Craft.

Lincolne. Where are they married? dost thou know the Church?

Firke. I neuer goe to Church, but I know the name of it, it is a swearing Church, say a while, 'tis, I by the mas': no, no tis I by my troth, no no; that, tis I by my faith, that that, tis I by my faiths Church vnder Paules Crosse, there they shall bee knit like a paire of stockings in matrimony, there theye be in cony.

Linc. Upon my life my pypheew Lacy walkes,
In the disguise of tois Dutch Shoomaker.

Firke. Yes soylsoth.

Linc. Dost he not honest Shoomaker?

Firke. So soylsoth; I thinke Hans is no body but Hans, no spirit.

L. Ma. My mind misgines me now tis so indeed.

Linc. My Cosen speaks the language, knowes the trade.

L. Ma. Let me request your company my Lord,
Your honorable presence in y, no doubt,
Refraine their headstrong rashnesse, when my selfe
Ging along, perchance may be oze bozne:
Shall I requ. it this favour?

Linc. This, or what else.

Firke. When you must rite betimes, so; they meane to fall to
their hey passe, and repasse, pindy pandy, which hand will you
hane very early.

L. Ma. My care shall enery way equall their hast,
This night accept your lodging in my house
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faiths
Preuent this gloddy hare-brained Raptiall,
Wher tr. ficks of hot loue shall yeld cold gaines,
They ban our lones and woele forbid their baines.

Exit

Linc. At Saint Faiths Church thou saist?

Firke. Yes, by their troth.

Linc. Be secret on thy life.

Exit.

Firke. Yet when I kisse your wife, ha, ha, heres no craft
in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpose with shoes to
Sir Rogers worship, whilst Rose his daughter be cony-catcht
by Hans: soft now, these two gullies will be at Saint Faithes

A pleasant Comedie of

Church to morrow morning to take maister Wydegroome, and mistris Wyde napping, and they in the meane time shall chop vpon the matter at the Banoy: but the best sport is, Sir Roger Orley will find my fellowe lame Raphs wife going to marrie a Gentleman: and then heele stop her in stead of his Daughter; O haue, there will bee fine tickling sport: soft now, what haue I to do? O I know, now a messe of Shoomakers msate at the Wool-sacke in Fay lane, to cozen my Gentleman of lame Raphs wife, that's true, alacke alacke, girles held out sacke, soz now smokes soz this iumbling shall go to wacke.

Exit.

Enter Eyre, his wife, Hans and Rose.

Eyre. This is the morning then, stay my bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that must make vs two happy or miserable, therefore if you——

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ands Hans, and these & ceteraes, by mine honoz Rowland Lacy, none but the King shall wrong thee: come feare nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre Lord Maior of London? feare nothing Rose, let them say all what they can, dauntis come thou to mee, laughst thou?

Wife. Good my Lord stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why my swete Ladie Madgy, thinke you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch tourneyman? No bah. Fie I scozne it, it shall neuer be cast in my teeth, that I was vnthankfull. Lady Madgy, thou hadst neuer roured thy warracens head with this French flappe, nor loaden thy bumme with this farthingale, tis trash, trumperie, banittie, Simon Eyre had neuer walkt in a red petticoate, nor wore a chaine of Gold but soz my fine Journeymans Portigues, and shall I leaue him? No: Whyce am I none, yet beare a Whyncely minde.

Hans. My Lord, 'tis time to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or thre of my Pie-crust eaters, my Bosse-lerkin barlets, that doe walke in blacke gownes at Simon Eyres heels, take them good Lacie
Madgy

the Gentle Craft.

Madgy, trip and go, my brotne Queens of Perriwigs, with my delicate Rose, & my lolly Rowland to the Banoy, let them link, countenance the marriage, and when it is done, cling cling together, you Banbozow Turle Dones, He beare you out, come to Simon Eyre, come dwell with me Hans, thou shalt eate minc'o pies, and marchpane. Rose, alway cricket, trip and go, my Lacy Madgy to the Banoy, Hans, wed, and to bed, kisse and alway, go banish.

Wife. Farewell my Lord.

Rose. Make hast sweet loue.

Wife. Shede saue the deed were done.

Hans. Come my sweet Rose, faster than Dêre wale run.

Exeunt.

Eyre. Goe, banish, banish, anant I say: by the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a Lord Paloz, it's a stirring life, a fine life, a beluet life, a carefull life. Well Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Saint Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings, his maiestie is welcome, hee shall haue good chere, delicate chere, princely chere. This day my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too, they shal haue fine chere, gentle man like chere. I promised the mad Cappadozians, when we all serued at the Conduit together, that if euer I came to bee Paloz of London, I would feast them all, and i'le dot, i'le dot by the life of Pharaoh, by this beard Sim Eyre will be no sinner. Besides, I haue procured, that vpon euery Shonewed-day at the sound of the Pancake bell, my fine dapper Affirian lads shall clap by their shop windowes, and alway, this is the day, and this day they shall dot, they shall dot: boyes, that day are you free, let masters care, and prentiz es shall pay for; Simon Eyre.

Enter Hodge, Firke, Raph, and five or six Shoormakers,
all with cudgels, or such weapons.

Hodge. Come Rafe, stand to it Firke; my masters, as wee are the brans bloods of the Shoormakers, beires apparant to Saint Hugh, and perpetuall benefactors to all good fellows: thou shalt haue no wrong: were Hammon a King of Spades, he should not delue in thy close without thy licence: but

A pleasant Comedy of

tell me Rafe, art thou sure tis thy wife?

Rafe. Am I sure this is Firke? This morning when I
slept on her thome, I lookt upon her, and she upon me, and
sigh'd, and I knew one Rafe. Wes said I for his
sake said she (teares standing in her eyes) and for thou art
somewhat like him, spend this peece of gold: I tooke it: my
lame leg, and my travell beyond sea made me unknowne, all
is one for that, I know she's mine.

Firke. Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering
gold: hers thine owne, tis thy wife, and she loves thee, for
she stand tooke, there's no woman will give gold to any man,
but she thinks better of him than she thinks of them she
gives silver to: and for Hammon, neither Hammon nor Hang-
man shall wrong thee in London: Is not our old Master Eyre
Lord Mayor? Speake my hearts.

All. Wes. and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter Hammon his man, and Iane, and others.

Hodge. Peace my bullies, ponder they come.

Rafe. Stand fast my hearts, Firke, let me speake first.

Hodge. So Rafe, let me: Hammon, whither away so
sorely?

Ham. Unmannersly rude slave, what's that to thee?

Firke. To him sir: yes sir, and to me, and others: good mor-
row Iane, how dost thou? good Lord, how the world is chan-
ged with you, God be thanked.

Ham. Villaines, hands off, how dare you touch my love?

All. Villaines: downe with them, cry claus for prentises.

Hod. Hold, my hearts: touch her Hammon? yea and more
than that, weele carrie her away with vs. My maisters and
gentlemen, neuer draw your beards spits, th' makers are Steele
to the backe, now every inch of them all spirit.

All of Hammons side. Well, and what of all this?

Hod. Is heu you: Iane, dost thou know this man? tis
Rafe I can tell thee: nay, tis he in faith, though he be lamer by
the warres, yet looks not strange, but run to him, hold him a-
bout the necke and kisse him.

Iane. What's then my husband? ah God let me go,
Returne embrace my Rafe.

Ham.

the Gentle Craft.

Ham. What meanes my Iane?

Iane. Say, what meant you to tell me he was slaine?

Ham. Pardon me deare loue for being misled,
It was rumord here in London thou wert dead.

Firke. Thou seest he liues: Lasse, go packe home with him?
now M. Hammon, wheres you misuris your wife?

Seru. Swounds M.ight for her, will you thus lose her?

All. Downe with that creature, clubs, downe with him.

Hodge. Hold, hold.

Ham. Hold soles: sirs he shall do no wrong,

Will my Iane leaue me thus, and breake her faith?

Firke. Yes sir, she must sir she shall sir, what then? mend it.

Hodg. Hearke fellow Rafe, follow my counsell, let the
wench in the middell, and let her chuse her man, and let her
be his woman.

Iane. Whom should I chuse? to whom should my thoughts
But him whom Heauen hath made to be my loue (affekt?
Thou art my husband, and these humble wēdes,
Pakes ther more beautifull than all his wealth,
Wherefoze I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owners hand,
And euer after be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a ragge Iane, the law's on our side, hee that
solues in another mans ground forfeits his barneiss, get thee
home Raph, follow him Iane, hee shall not haue so much as a
buske point from ther.

Firke. Stand to that Rafe, the appurtenances are thine
owne, Hammon, loke not at her.

Seru. Swounds no.

Firke. Blew coate be quiet, weele giue you a new liuertie
else, weele make Shrove Tuesday Saint Georges day for
you: looke not Hammon, leare not, Als firke you, for thy
head now, one glante, one sherpes eye, any thing at her,
touch not a ragge, lest I and my brethren beate you to
clowtes.

Ser. Come maister Hammon, theres no strining here.

Ham. Good fellows, here me speake: and honest Rafe,
Whom I haue injured most by louing Iane,

Make

A pleasant Comedy of

Sparks what I offer thee: here in faire gold,
Is twentie pound, Ie giue it for thy Iane,
If this content thee not, thou shalt haue more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife Rafe, make her not a whoze.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claime in her,
And let her be my wife?

All. No, do not Raph.

Raph. Sirra Hammon Hammon, dost thou thinke a Shoes
maker is so base, to be a bawd to his own wife for commodity?
take thy gold, choake with it: were I not lame, I would make
thee eate thy words.

Firke. A Shoemaker sell his flesh and blood, oh indignitie!

Hodg. Sirra, take vp your pelfe, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one pennie, but in liew,

Of that great wrong I offered thy Iane?

To Iane and thee I giue that twentie pound,

Since I haue said of her, during my life,

I vow no woman else shall be my wife:

Farewell good fellows of the gentle trade,

For it moyning mirth my mourning day hath made. Exit.

Firke. Torch the gold creature if you dare, y'are best be
trudging: here Iane take thou it, now lets home my hearts.

Hodge. Stay, who comes here? Iane, on againe with thy
maske.

Enter Lincolne, L. Maior, and seruants.

Lin. Ponders the lying barlet mockt vs so.

L. Ma. Come hitber sirra.

Firke. I sir, I am sirra you meane me, do you not?

Linc. Where is my Nephew married?

Firke. Is he married? God giue him toy, I am glad of it:
they haue a faire day, and the signe is in a good Planet, Mars
in Venus.

L. Ma. Willaine, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose,
This moyning should be married at Saint Faichs,
We haue watcht there these thre houres at the least,
Yet see we no such thing.

Firke. Truly I am sorry for't, a Bride's a prettie thing.

Hodge. Come to the purpose, ponder's the Bride and
Bride.

the Gentle Craft.

Bydegrooms you looks so; I hope: though you be Rapes,
you are not to barre by your authortie men from women,
are you?

L.Ma. He is my daughter's mask.

Lin. True, and my nephew,

To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firke. Psea truely, God helps the poye couple, they are lame
and blind.

L.Ma. He ease her blindnesse.

Lin. He his lamen: He cure.

Firke. Eye downe sirs, and laugh, my fellowe Raph is taken
so; Rowland Lacy, and Iane so; mistress damaske Rose, this is
all my knauerie.

L.Ma. What haue I found you minion?

Lin. O base wretch,

Pay hide thy face, the horrors of thy guilt

Can hardly be washt off: where are thy powers?

What battells haue you made? O yes I see,

Thou soughtst with shame, and shame hath conquer'd thee;

This lamenesse will not serue.

L.Ma. Unmaske your selfe.

Lin. Lead home your daughter.

L.Ma. Take your nephew hence.

Raph. Hence, swounds, what meane you? are you mad? I
hope you cannot enioyce my wife from me, wher's Hammon?

L.Ma. Your wife?

Lin. What Hammon?

Raph. Psea my wife, and therefore the proudest of you that
lates hands on her first, He lay my Crutch crosse his pate.

Firke. To him lame Raph, here's biane sport.

Raph. Rose call you her? why her name is Iane, loke here
else, do you know her no?n?

Lin. Is this your daughter?

L.Ma. No no? this your nephew:

My Lord of Lincolne, we are both abus'd,

By this base craftie varlet.

Firke. Psea saysooth no varlet, saysooth no base, saysooth I am
but meane, not craftie neether, but of the gentle Craft.

A pleasant Comedie of

L. Ma. Where is my daughter Rose? where is my child?

Linc. Where is my Nephew Lacy married?

Firke. Why here is good lac's matton as I promise you.

Linc. Villaine Ile haue thee punished for this wrong.

Firke. Dunt the Journeymman villaine, but not the Jour-
neman in Shomaker.

Enter Dodger.

Dodg. My Lord, I come to bring welcome newes,

Your Nephew Lacy, and your daughter Rose,

Carly this morning wedded at the Hauoy,

None being present but the Lady Payzesse:

Besides I learnt among the Officers,

The Lord Paioz bolues to stand in their defence,

Gainst any that shall take to crosse mitch,

Lin. Dares Eyre the Shomaker uphold the deed?

Firke. Yes sir, Shomakers dare stand in a womans quarrel
I warrant as deepe as another, and deeper too.

Dod. Offers his Grace to day dines with the Payoz,

Who on his knees humbly intends to fall,

And beg a pardon for your Nephew fault.

Lin. But Ile prevent him, came Sir Roger Oley,

The King will doe vs Justice in this cause,

How ere their hands haue made them man and wife,

I will disoyne the match, or lose my life. Exeunt.

Firke. Adieu Mounseur Dodger, farewell soles, ha, ha.

Oh if they had said I would haue so lamb'd them with flouts
O heart, my Codpée-point is ready to fire in pées every
time I thinke vpon mistris Rose, but let that passe, as my La-
die Payzesse saies.

Hodge This matter is answerd: come Raph, home with
thy wife, come my fine Shomakers, lets to our masters the
new Lord Payoz, and there swagger this Shzone Tuesday,
Ile promise you wine enough, for Madge keeps the Seller.

All. Rare! Madge is a good wench.

Firke. And Ile promise you meat enough, for simpying Susan
keeps the Karder. Ile lead you to victuals my bzane souldiers,
follow your Captaine, O bzane, harke, harke. Bell rings.

All. The Pancake bell rings, the Pancake bell, tri-bill my
hearts.

Firke.

the Gentle Craft.

Firke. O bjaue, oh sweet bell, O delicate Pancakes, open the doore my hearts, and shut vp the windowes, keepe in the house, let out the Pancakes, oh rare my hearts, lets march together for the honor of S. Hugh, to the great new hall in Cracious stræte corner, which our Master the new Lord Maior hath built.

Rafe. O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my Lord Maiors cost to day.

Hodge. The Lord Maior is a most bjaue man, how shall Prentises be bound to pray for him and the honor of the Gentlemen Shoemakers : lets feed and bee fat with my Lord Maiors bonntie.

Firke. O muscull Bell still ; O Hodge, O my brethren ; theres chere for the Heauens, venison pasties walke vp and downe piping hot like Sericants : Bafe and biewes comes marching in disatties, fritters and pancakes come trotting in whele-barrowes, hens and oranges hopping in Porters buckets collops and egges in scuttles, and tracts and custards comes quauering in malt shuells.

Enter more Prentises.

AH. Whoop, loke here.

Hodge. How now mad lads whither away so fast ?

1. Pren. Whither : why to the great new Hall, know you not why : the Lord Maior hath bidden all the prentises in London to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh bjaue Shoemaker, oh bjaue Lord of incomprehen-
sible good fellowship, whoo, hearken you, the Pancake-Bell rings.

Cast vp Caps.

Firke. Day more my hearts, euerie Shrove-tuesday is our yeare of Iubile : and when the Pancake-Bell rings, wee are as free as my Lord Maior, wee may shut vp our shoppes and make holiday : Ile haue it cal'd Sater Hughes Holloay.

All. Agreed, agreed, Saints Hughes Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for euer.

All. Oh bjaue ; come come my hearts, away, away.

Firke. O eternall credit to vs of the Gentle Craft, march
saue my hearts, O rare.

Exeunt.

A pleasant Comedie of

Enter the King and his traine ouer the stage.

King. Is our Lord Mayor of London such a gallant;

Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your Land,

Your Grace will thinke when you behold the man,

Thes rather a wild Russian than a Mayor;

Yet thus much Ile ensure your Majesty,

In all his actions that concerne his State,

He is as serious, prouident, and wise,

As full of grauitie amongst the grave,

As any Mayor hath ben this many yeares.

King. I am with child till I behold this buffe-cap,

But all my doubt is when we come in presence,

This madnesse will be dasht cleane out of countenance.

Nobleman. It may be so my Liege.

King. Which to present,

Let some one giue him notice 'tis our pleasure,

That he put on his wonted merriment:

Get forward.

All. On afoze.

Exeunt

Enter, Eyre, Hodge, Firke, Raph, and other Shoemakers,
all with napkins on their shoulders.

Eyre. Come my fine Hodge, my lolly Gentlemen Shoemakers, soft, where be these Caniballes, these varlets my officers, let them all walke and wait vpon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but Shoemakers, none but the liceris of my Companie shall in their sattin hoods wait vpon the trencher of my Soueraigne.

Firke. O my Lord, it will be rare.

Eyre. So more Firke, come liuely, let your fellows prentises want no chere, let wine be plentifull as here, and here as water, hang these penny pinching fathers, that tram wealth in innocent Lambes skinner, rip knaues, auant, looke to my guests.

Hodge. My Lord, we are at our wits end for raine, those hundred Tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then couer me those hundred Tables againe and againe, till all my lolly prentises bee feasted: anoyd Hodge, runne Raph, friske about my nimble Firke, carowle mee a
dome

the Gentle Craft.

some healths to the honour of shoemakers, doe they dzinke lively Hodge? do they tickle it Firke?

Firke, Tickle it: some of them haue taken their liquoz standing so long, that they can stand no longer: but for meat they would eat it and they had it.

Eyre. Want they meate? where's this swag-belly, this greaſe hitching ſtuffe cooke, call the barlet to me: want meat? Firke, Hodge, lame Raſe, runne my tall men, beleaguer the Shambles, begger all Caſt-cheape, ſerne mee whole Oxen in Chargers, and let ſhepe whine vpon the tables like Pigs, for want of good fellows to eate them. Want meat? baniſh Firke, auant Hodge.

Hodge. Your Lordſhip miſtakes my man Firke, he meant their bellies want meate not the words, for they haue dzunke ſo much they can eat nothing.

Enter Hans, Roſe, and wife.

Wife. Where is my Lord?

Eyre. How now Lady Madgy.

Wife. The Kings moſt excellent Maieſtie is new come, he ſends me for thy honoz, one of his moſt worſhipfull Wers bad me tell thou muſt be merrie, and ſo ſayth: but let that paſſe.

Eyre. Is my Soueraigne come? baniſh my tall ſhoemakers, my nimble brethren, loke to my gueſts the pzentles: pet ſcap a little, how now Hans, how lookeſ my little Roſe?

Hans. Let me requeſt you to remember me,

I know your honoz eaſily may obtaine.

Free pardon from the King for me and Roſe,

And reconcile me to my Uncles grace.

Eyre. Haue done my good Hans, my honeſt ſourneyman, looke chearſly, He ſail vpon both my knees till they be as hard as hohne, but He get thy pardon.

Wife. Good my Lord haue a care what you ſpeake to his Grace.

Eyre. Away you Idlington Whitepot, hence you hopper-axe, you Barley pudding full of maggots. you brolle Carto-nado, auant, auant, anoyd Apophisophiles: Shall Sim Eyre learne to ſpeake of you Ladie Madgy? baniſh Pother Pineuer Cap, baniſh, zo, trip and go, meddle wiſh your platters and

A pleasant Comedy of

your pisherie pastorie, your fetters and your Whistling, go,
 rub out of mine alley: Sim Eyre knows how to speake to a
 Pope, to Sultan Solymán, to Tamberlaine and he were here:
 and shall I not, shall I droope before my Soueraignes? no,
 come my Ladie Midgy, follow me Hans, about your busines
 my frolicke freebooters: Firke, friske about, and about, and
 about so; the honour of mad Simon Eyre, Lord Maior of
 London.

Firke. Hap so; the honour of Shomakers. Exeunt.
 Along flourish or two, enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, his Wife,
 Lacy, Rose: Lacy and Rose kneele.

King. Well Lacy, though the fact was verie soule,
 Of your renolting from our Kingly loze,
 And your owne dutie, yet we pardon you,
 Rise both, and Pistris Lacy, thanks my Lord Maior
 for your young bridegrome here.

Eyre. So my deere Liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren the
 Gentlemen Shomakers shall set your sweet Pistries in the
 chéke by sole by Saint Hugh, for this honour you haue done
 for me Simon Eyre, I beseech your Grace pardon my rude be-
 haviour, I am a handie crafts man, yet my heart is without
 craft. I would be sorrie at my soule that my boldnesse should
 offend my King.

King. Nay, I pray the god Lord Maior, be enen as merry
 as if thou wert among thy Shomakers,
 It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre. Waite thou me to my sweet Dioclesian? then hump,
 Whence am I none, yet am I Princely borne, by the Lord of
 Audgate my Liege, He be as merrie as a Pie.

King. Tell me in faith mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre. My Liege, a verie boy, a stripling, a yonger, you
 see not a white haire on my head, nor a gray in this beard,
 every haire I assure thy Pistrie that stiches in this beard,
 Sim Eyre bawles at the King of Babilons ransome, Tamar
 Chams beard was a rubbing brush too't, yet He haue
 it off, and cast: tennis balles with it to please my bully
 King.

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre.

the Gentle Craft.

Eyre. My Liege, I am fire and fifty yeare old, yet I can cry hump, with a sound heart, for the honour of Saint Hugh: marke this old wench my King, I darer't the shaking of the Shatts with her fire and thirtie yeares agoe, and yet I hope to get two or thre Lord Mayors ere I die: I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still: care & cold lodging brings white haire. My sweet Maiesty, let care banish, cast it vpon thy Nobles, it will make the looke alwaies yong like Apollo, and cry hump: Prince am I none, yet am I princely boyne.

King. Ha, ha, say Cornwall, didst thou euer see his like? Noble. Not I my Lord.

Enter Lincolne and Lord Maior.

King. Lincolne what newes with you?

Linc. My gracious Lord haue care vnto your selfe, For there are Traitors here.

All. Traitors where? who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid, where be my Officers? He spend my soule ere my King sale harme.

King. Where is the Traitor, Lincolne?

Linc. Here he stands.

King. Cornwall, lay hands on Lacy: Lincolne speaks, What canst thou lay vnto thy Nephewes charge?

Linc. This my deare Liege, your Grace to doe me honour, Heapt on the head of this degenerous boy, Deserterlike fauours, you made choyce of him, To be Commander ouer powers in France, But he:

King. Good Lincolne, pierce pause a while, Euen in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speake, I know how Lacy did neglect our lone, Ran himselte duple (in the highest degree) Into vile treason.

Linc. Is he not a Traitor?

King. Lincolne, he was, now haue we pardoned him, 'Twas not a base want of true valours fire That held him out of France, but loues desire.

Linc. I will not beare his shame vpon my barke.

King.

A pleasant Comedy of

King. For what thou Lincoln, I forgive you both.
 Lin. Ever good my Liege forbid the boy to wed
 One whose means birth will much disgrace his bed.

King. Are they not married?

Lin. As my Liege.

Both. We are.

Kin. Shall I divorce them then? O be it farre,
 That any hand on earth should dare untie
 The sacred knot knit by Gods Matresse;
 I would not for my Crowne disioine their hands,
 That are consist'd in holie nuptiall bands:
 How to say it thou Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy Rose?

Hans. Not for all Indians wealth, my Soueraigne.

King. But Rose I am sure her Lacy would forgive.

Rose. If Rose were askt that question she'd say no.

King. You heare them Lincoln.

Lin. Yea my liege I doe.

Kin. And canst thou find in heart to part these two?
 Who takes besides you to divorce these lovers?

L. Ma. I do (my gracious Lord) I am her father.

Kin. Sir Roger Odey, our last Waior, I thinke.

Nob. The same my Liege.

Kin. Would you offend Lones lawes?
 Well you shall have your wills; you sued to me
 To prohibit the match: Now, let me see,
 You both are married, Lacy art thou not?

Hans. I am dead Soueraigne.

King. Then upon thy life,
 I charge thee not to call this woman wife.

L. Maior. I thanke your Grace.

Rose. O my most gracious Lord, kneeld.

Kin. Say Rose neuer love me, I tell you true,
 Although as yet I am a Batchelor,
 Yet I belene I shall not marrie you.

Rose. Can you divide the bodie from the soule,
 Yet make the bodie live?

Kin. Yea so profound?
 I cannot, Rose, but you I must divorce,

Faire maids this Bidegrame cannot be your Bide,
Are you please Lincolne? Orley, are you please?

Both. Yes my Lord.

King. There must my heart be eas'd,
For credit me, my conscience limes in paine,
Till these whom I dinoye be toynd againe:
Lacy giue me thy hand, Rose lend me thine,
Be what you would be: kisse now: so, thats due,
At night (Lovers) to bed: now let me see,
Which of you all mislikes this harmony?

L. Ma. Will you then take from me my child perforce?

King. Why tell me Orley shines not Lacies name,
As bright in the worlds eye, as the gay beames
Of any Citizen.

Lin. Yea but my gracious Lord,
I doe mislike the match farre more then ha.
Her blood is too base.

King. Lincolne no more.
Dost thou not know, that loue respects no blood?
Cares not for difference of birth or state,
The maid is young, will be true, faire, vertuous,
A wo: by byde for any Gentleman:
Besides your Nephew for her sake did stowe
To bare necessity; and as I heare,
Forgetting honours and all courtly pleasures,
To gaine her loue became a Shoemaker:
As for the hono: which he lost in France,
Thus I redeme it: Lacy knels the downe,
Arise Sir Rowland Lacy: tell me now,
Tell me in earnest Orley canst thou chide:
Saying thy Rose a Lady and a Byde.

L. Ma. I am content with what your Grace hath done.

Lin. And I my Liege since there's no remedy.

King. Come on then, all shake hands, He haue you friends
Where there is much loue, all discords ends:
What saies my mad Lord Spaine to all this loue?

Eyre. O my Liege, the honour you haue done to my fine
Journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these fauours which

A pleasant Comedie or

you haue chosen to me this day in my poore house, will make
Simon Eyre liue longer by one dozen of warme Showmers
more then he should.

King. Say my mad Lord Mayor, (that shall be thy name)
If any grace of mine can length thy life:
One hono; more Ile doe thee, that new building,
Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,
Shall take a name from vs, weele haue it call'd,
The Leaden Hall, because in digging it,
You found the lead that couereth the same.

Eyre. I thanke your Maiesty.

Wife. God blesse your Grace.

King. Lincolne, a word with you.

Enter, Hodge, Firke, and more Shoemakers.

Eyre. How now my mad knaues? Peace, speake softly,
yonder is the King.

King. With the old troope which there we keepe in pay,
Wee will incorporate a new supply:
Before one Summer more passe o're my head,
France shall repent England was injured,
What are those?

Hans. All Shoemakers my Liege,
Sometime my fellowes, in their companie,
I lio'd as merry as an Emperour.

King. My mad Lord Mayor, are all these Shoemakers?

Eyre. All Shoemakers my Liege, all Gentlemen of the Gen-
tle Craft, true Trojans, courageous Cordwainers, they all
knele to the Shrine of holy Saint Hugh.

All. God saue your Maiesty.

King. Mad Simon, would they any thing with vs?

Eyre. Hum mad knaues not a word, Ile do't, I warrant
you. They are all Beggars my Liege, all for themselves and I
for them all, on both my knees doe intreat, that for the hono;
of mine Simon Eyre, and the good of his Brethren these mad
knaues, your Grace would donet safe some priuiledge to my
new Leaden-Hall, that it may be lawfull for vs to buy and sell
Leather there two dayes in a weeke.

King. Mad Sim, I grant your suite, you shall haue Patent
L

the Gentle Craft.

To hold two market daies in Leaden-Hall,
Mondaies and Fridaies, those shall be the times;
Will this content you?

All. Iesus bleſſe your Grace.

Eyre. In the name of theſe my poore brethren ſhowmakers,
I moſt humble thanke your Grace. But beſore I riſe, ſeing
you are in the giuing beine, and we in the begging, grant
Sim Eyre one bene moze.

Kin. What is it my Lord Maior.

Eyre. Woucheſafe to taſt of a poore Banquet, that ſwettly
waiting for your ſweet preſence.

King. I ſhall vnderſtand the Eyre, only with this
Alreadie haue I bene too troubleſome,
ſay, haue I not?

Eyre. O my dære King, Sim Eyre cannot ſay ſo; vpon a
day of ſhewing which I promiſt to all the merrie Wrentiſes
of London: ſo; an't pleaſe you when I was wrentiſe
I bare the water-tankard, and my coat
ſits not a whit the worſe vpon my backe:
And then vpon a morning, ſome mad boyes
(It was Shrove-tueſday, euen as tis now)
Came me my Breakfast, and I ſwoze then by the Ropple of
my Tankard, if euer I came to be Lord Maior of London, I
would feaſt the Wrentiſes. This day my Leige I did it, and
the ſlaues had an hundred Tables ſixe times couered, they are
gone home and baniſht.

Yet adde moze glorie to the Gentle Trade,
Taſt of Eyres Banquet, Simon's happie made.

King. I will taſt of thy Banquet, and will ſay,
I haue not met moze pleaſure on a day;
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all,
Thanks my kind Lady Maieſtie for our chere;
Come Lords a while lets reuel it at home.
When all our woordes and banquettings are done,
We muſt right wjongs which Frenchmen haue begun.

FINIS.